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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sketch of the Life, Character, and Writings of Baroness de Staël-Holstein. By Madame Necker de Saussure. (Translated from the French.) Lond. 1820. 8vo. pp. 363.

This interesting volume will hardly, if at all, have been seen in its English garb, when what we are now writing meets the public eye; and we shall therefore have the satisfaction (a species of satisfaction of which we anticipate an almost weekly enjoyment) to introduce at once a novelty and, we hope, a treat to our readers. In doing this, we shall make no apology for passing by the first moiety of M^{me} de Saussure's literary labours, namely, that portion of her work which is devoted to M^{me} de Staël's publications. However well this part is executed, it possesses very inferior claims to attention when compared to the latter division, (from p. 208 to the end) which is addressed to the domestic and social life of the gifted and distinguished individual whose name is synonymous with the highest female renown. The authoress seems worthy of the undertaking; and we shall not by any prefatory remarks delay her appearance in her own character. What she proposes to herself is to exhibit her Subject under the most characteristic circumstances, and those most familiar to her own observation; and in this way she disregards the order of time, for the more expedient classification of "Domestic relations," "Society and conversation," "Way of life," &c. &c. In the treatment of these matters it is impossible not to see that a woman, and a French-woman, holds the pencil; but still the picture is pleasing—*ecce signum*.

There was such an understanding between Mr. Necker and his daughter, they felt such pleasure in conversing together, and their minds so well agreed, that Madame de Staël was led to exaggerate to herself the idea of her resemblance to her father: and the more numerous the points were, in which she thought she traced this resemblance, the more enthusiastically did she admire those qualities in which he was really superior to her. She saw in him a being similar to herself, whom the excess of virtue would

have captivated. He supported retirement, dispensing equally with pleasure and with admiration. Conscience and a sentiment of dignity were the sole springs of a life simplified by wisdom. He even resisted the power of the strongest affection he had upon earth, when he refused to live with his daughter at Paris: this refusal might give her pain, but she bowed to his decision. She ascribed to him her own thirst of action, all the fire of her character, in order to enhance the value of the sacrifices he imposed upon himself; ascribing to him the tastes of youth, to give greater merit to his privations; and thinking of his great age, only to enhance the wit and agreeableness he still retained, as being on that account the more wonderful.

The following is truly French, and characteristic—

I know not whether I dare mention certain scenes, too private, perhaps too familiar. I shall venture on the following, however, so characteristic does it appear to me of Madame de Staël's great susceptibility of emotion in every thing concerning her father, and of the manner in which she endeavoured to act on the imagination, even when addressing herself to persons of the lower class.

Mr. Necker being at Coppet with her, had sent his carriage to Geneva to fetch me and my children. It was night when we set out; and on the road we were overturned into a ditch. We were none of us hurt, but it was some time before we could get the coach up again, and it was late when we arrived. We found Madame de Staël alone in the parlour. She was rather uneasy about us: but when I began to relate our accident, she stopped me short, asking: "How did you come?" "In your father's carriage." "Yes, I know that: but who drove you?" "Who? his coachman, of course." "What! his coachman Richel?" "Yes, Richel." "Oh, good God!" exclaimed she, "he might have overturned my father." Immediately she sprung to the bell, and ordered Richel to come in. Richel was putting up his horses, and it was necessary to wait.

During this interval Madame de Staël paced the room backward and forward in the most violent agitation. "What! my father, my poor father," said she, "he would have been overturned! At your age, and that of your children, it is nothing; but with his size, his great size!—In a ditch; and he might have lain there a long time; and he would have called for help; have called, perhaps, in vain." Then, overcome by her emotion, she was obliged to stop, till anger had given her fresh strength.

At length Richel came. I had an extreme

curiosity to know what she would say to him; because, highly indulgent as she usually was to inferiors, she could not fail to give vent to such ardent feelings in a manner altogether original. She walked up to him with solemnity; and with a voice, at first almost choked, but which gradually amplifying, at last ending in violent bursts, said: "Richel, have you ever been told that I have wit?" The man stared. "Do you know, I ask you, that I have wit?" The man was still dumb. "Let me tell you, then, that I have wit, a great deal of wit, prodigious wit; and all I have shall be employed, to make you pass the rest of your days in a dungeon, if ever you overturn my father."

I have often since endeavoured to divert her by relating this scene, in which she threatened the coachman with her wit. But she, who was so easily diverted at her own expense, was never able even to think of this adventure, without being agitated afresh with anger and emotion. All I could bring her to say at most was: "And with what could I threaten him, if not with my poor wit?"

What follows is of rather a better order, though hardly to be reconciled with our homely English feelings of grief—it refers to a period after her father's death—

It would be necessary to relate how every day passed with Madame de Staël, if we would give an idea of the place that her deceased father constantly retained in her heart. She never ceased to live with him. She has always felt herself protected, consoled, succoured by him. She invoked him in her prayers; and never did any occurrence, that was fortunate for her, take place, without her saying, "My father obtained that for me." His miniature she always carried about her, and it was to her the object of a kind of superstition. She never parted with it, except on one occasion. Very ill herself, and finding great consolation in contemplating this portrait, she imagined that when her daughter lay in, it would produce the same effect on her. Accordingly, she sent it to her, desiring her to look on it, when she was in pain. Every old man, too, recalled her father to her mind, and made a particular impression on her. To every thing in which old men were concerned she was peculiarly sensible; and once, when, in the time of her persecutions, an old man acted towards her with a degree of pusillanimity, then common, and undoubtedly more excusable at such an age, she was extraordinarily grieved at it. "I am very silly," said she to me, "but what would you have? he was kind; he was old, he sat at my table,

I altered my hours for him, and all these things grieve me to the heart." Her bounty to the aged, who stood in need of her assistance, was immense: the idea of their sufferings tore her heart, and, as true Christians see Jesus Christ in all who are poor, she saw her father in every man that was old.

There is great beauty in the thought of that bas-relief, which, after the death of Mr. Necker, Madame de Staël had sculptured on the funeral monument of her parents. An airy figure, as if already beatified, is drawing towards the skies another, that appears to look with compassion on a young woman veiled, and prostrate on a tomb. Madame Necker, her husband, and her daughter, are represented under this emblem, which likewise indicates the passage from this life to life eternal.

She detected with extreme sagacity the weak side of those very friends, who were so necessary and so dear to her, and perceived their defects with a painful vividness. As I have observed with regard to the authors who pleased her most, her most exalted enthusiasm was circumscribed, and did not embrace the whole. Her dissecting knife spared none of the objects of her attachment, and perhaps left only her father untouched: but the qualities, which the most rigorous examination left them, made so strong an impression on her heart, and so forcibly struck her imagination, that they seemed to her unique, inestimable for her happiness; and a limited degree of admiration produced in her an affection without bounds.

This continual appreciation of her friends, not only of every one, but of each daily, this appreciation made incessantly in their presence, sometimes hurt them, and led them to doubt her affection. "With you we must submit to be judged at fresh cost every morning," said I to her. "What signifies it," answered she, "if I love the more every evening?"—She added, "Were I going to the scaffold I could not help passing judgment on the friends that accompanied me."

However, this examination was extended to herself. She was curious, if I may so say, about her own feelings; and every one was at liberty to turn her eyes on her own heart by their observations, or even their censures. She studied herself on all occasions; and if she have rather too frequently made the person in her romances say, "Such is my character, such is my nature," it is because these expressions were familiar to herself. She endeavoured to attain a thorough knowledge of her own inclinations, and the peculiar turn of her imagination, in order to set them aside as much as possible in the judgments she formed. Thus she blamed herself sometimes for her too powerful antipathies, though she was inclined to think that her tact was right at bottom, and that the future would justify her presentiments.

She has often said, that, after having accused herself of precipitancy in her estimation of merit, a more profound acquaintance with the person had almost always brought her back to the notion she had first formed. "A single day, or ten years," she would say,

"are necessary to know mankind. The intermediate time is deceptive."

There was a tenderness, a lively gratitude, in her feelings towards those who amused her: a *bon-mot*, a comic story, was to her a little benefit, of which she spoke with warmth; and she would have the circumstance that diverted her repeated to every new comer. Point, originality, imagination, pleased her above all: this gave spring to her wit, and wings to her genius. Prosing mediocrities, living repositories of trite ideas, models of the common routine of education, were as nothing in her eyes: what she could find in her library she could well dispense with in society. She did not require that every thing should be combined in every person: a single marked advantage pleased her more than a collection of inferior advantages; and having in herself the complement wanting to every one, she asked in others only certain salient thoughts, which she could form into a whole with her own.

This is the reason why she was so much enchanted with certain foreign authors. Lord Byron, in particular, was of inestimable value in her eyes. He called her whole imagination into play, and she formed a new creation on the conceptions of the poet. "Confess that your Richard Cœur de Lion will be a Lara," said I to her once. "Perhaps so," answered she, with a smile: "but I'll engage that nobody in the world will suspect it."

Her dislike to affectation is well painted—

She expressed herself thus on the subject: "There is never any such thing as a *l'été-d-tête* with affected people: the personage assumed makes a third, and it is this that answers, when you speak to the other.—Affected people are the only persons from whom nothing is to be learned." Exaggeration, too, displeased her much. "It is no proof of imagination to put a hundred in place of ten," she would say. For the same reason she was always suspicious of great expressions of sensibility: "All natural feelings," she remarked, "have a degree of modesty."

I shall here quote at random a few *bon-mots* of Madame de Staël, on public events, because, if they be not all remarkable in themselves, they are at least characteristic.

While she was in England, in 1814, some person thought fit to congratulate her on the taking of Paris, which put an end to her banishment. To these expressions of politeness she answered: "On what do you compliment me, pray? On my being in the height of distress?" It was from the date of the battle of Leipzig that she began to be alarmed for France.

In 1815, when Bonaparte had already entered Lyons, a lady, attached to his party, came and said to Madame de Staël: "The emperor knows, Madame, how generously you spoke of him during his misfortunes." "I hope," answered she, "he will know how much I detest him."

During the hundred days, she said: "If all the declamatory phrases, uttered this

winter against the revolution, had been enlisted, we should have had plenty of soldiers on the 20th of March."

In 1816, Mr. Canning having thought proper to say to Madame de Staël, in the apartment of the first gentleman of the bed-chamber in the Palace of the Tuileries: "It is useless to indulge any longer in illusions, Madam: France has submitted to us, and we have conquered you." "Yes," answered she, "because you had all Europe and the Cossacs on your side: but meet us *tête-à-tête*, and we shall see." She said also to Mr. Canning: "The English nation is deceived: it is not aware that it is employed to deprive other nations of the liberty enjoyed by itself, and to protect intolerance toward its brethren in religion: if it knew this, it would renounce those who thus abuse its name."

The occupation of France by foreigners was a source of bitter chagrin to Madame de Staël; she determined to quit Paris in 1817, and not to return till the allied armies had departed. She wrote to her son-in-law, the Duke de Broglie: "A great share of happiness in private life is necessary to enable us to support the situation of France with respect to foreigners."

"France," said she, "must remain as dead, as long as it is occupied by foreigners. First let us have independence, and then think of liberty."

She said of Mr. De Bonald, "He is the philosopher of antiphilosophy; but this will not carry a man very far."

"The ministerial party," observed she, "looks at the prosaic side of human nature, and opposition at the poetical side. This is why I have always had an inclination for the opinions of the latter."

Some person once maintained that it was impossible for ministers of state to confine themselves to the employment of strictly legitimate measures. "What would you have me say?" answered she: "he who possesses genius can never have occasion for immorality; and he who has not, should not accept a post of difficulty."

In 1816 she said of the ministry: "I do not like it, yet I prefer it. It is but a barrier of cotton against the return of old abuses, yet still it is a barrier."

On occasion of the great number of persons ennobled, she said: "It would be best to create France a marquise once for all."

She set no great value on puns, yet she occasionally uttered them with her usual quickness. In a dispute on the slave trade with a French lady of high rank, the latter said to her: "What madam, then you are much interested for the count of Limonde and the marquis of Marmalade?" "Why not as much as for the duke of Bouillon?" answered she.

Bonaparte having caused her to be told in 1815, that she must return to Paris, because he wanted her for the sake of constitutional ideas, she refused, saying: "He contrived to do without a constitution, and without me, for a dozen years; and he has now the same regard for the one that he has for the other." Even at this period, however, when any Frenchmen passed by



Coppet in their way to join the army of the allies, she endeavoured to divert them from their design, not approving their endangering the independence of the nation, even to acquire liberty.

She was already dangerously ill, when the "Manuscript from St. Helena" began to make a great noise in France. Notwithstanding the state of weakness to which Madame de Staël was reduced, she made her children read the work to her, and criticised it with all her strength of mind. "The Chaldeans worshipped the serpent," said she: "the Bonapartists do the same to the Manuscript from St. Helena; but I am far from sharing their admiration. It is but in the style of the notes of the *Moniteur*; and if ever I recover, I think I can refute this writing with a high hand."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Sicilian Story, and other Poems; with Diego de Montilla, a Spanish Tale. By Barry Cornwall. 12mo, London, 1819.

It was no longer ago than last May, that we were called upon to bestow our attention on the first production of this bard; and the tribute of applause which we then offered to his muse, (see L. G. Number 122.) has since been re-echoed by most of our contemporaries in periodical criticism. His "*Dramatic Scenes*" have been universally acknowledged to possess the sweetness, tenderness, and delicacy which we noticed as their distinguished characteristics; and the fine conceptions of the writer, wrought into rich and fanciful poetry, have served to adorn many a page besides that which originally gave them to the public.

It is, therefore, with no small pleasure that we meet him again so early, stimulated by the praises of his country, and excited to new exertions by old success; that we find him not only justifying the meed he has received for the past, but claiming another laurel for the present, and widening the foundations of higher predictions for the future. It is with pleasure we see one of whom we expected much, fulfilling those expectations; and, by many a diversified song, showing us that it was not in catching the spirit of the elder dramatists alone that his genius consisted, but that he has power over all the elements of verse, and can delight in almost every form.

Without entering into a dissertation, either on poetry generally, or on the particular kinds which this volume exemplifies, we shall proceed with the more grateful and (as we conceive, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred) the more clearly elucidating method, of

making the author his own expounder. If he has not the stamp of merit, no Reviewer's essay will avail to cozen fortune and raise him to honour: if he is endued with the glorious light of superior intellect, such a labour is but

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume o'er the violet.

Except on rare occasions, indeed, we scarcely know when to confess the utility of this practice, which tends, perhaps, to display the talents of the critic, but seldom to illustrate his subject. Modern poetry, at least, should address the simplest feelings, and be palpable to the plainest understandings; and we fear that such as needs to have its recondite beauties pointed out, and enforced by argument, will have but little chance of being as popular as the easy, natural, and touching strains of Barry Cornwall.

The Sicilian Story is one of fatal love. Isabel and Guido are the names of the unhappy pair, whose secret marriage is dissolved by the murder of the latter, by Leoni, the brother of his bride. Guido's phantom, or a dream evoked by the dreadful threat of Leoni, points Isabel to the scene of the assassination. She treasures up the bleeding heart of her adored, maddens, and dies. We select some passages, to illustrate the manner in which Mr. Cornwall paints this fearful catastrophe; the horrible parts of which are well contrasted by the antecedent glowing description of a revel:—

One night a masque was held within the walls
Of a Sicilian palace: the gayest flowers
Cast life and beauty o'er the marble halls,
And, in remotest spots, fresh waterfalls
That 'rose half hidden by sweet lemon bowers
A low and silver-voiced music made:
And there the frail perfuming woodbine strayed
Winding its slight arms 'round the cypress bough.

And as in female trust seem'd there to grow,
Like woman's love midst sorrow flourishing:
And every odorous plant and brighter thing
Born of the sunny skies and weeping ruin,
That from the bosom of the spring
Starts into life and beauty once again,
Blossom'd; and there in walks of evergreen
Gay cavaliers and dames high-born and fair,
Wearing that rich and melancholy smile
That can so well beguile
The human heart from its recess, were seen,
And lovers full of love or studious care,
Wasting their rhymes upon the soft night air,
And spirits that never till the morning sleep
And, far away, the mountain Etna slung
Eternally its pyramid of flame
High as the heavens, while from its heart there
came

Hollow and subterranean noises deep,
And all around the constellations hung
Their starry lamps, lighting the midnight sky,
As to do honour to that revelry.

This is admirably done.

Yet there was one in that gay shifting crowd
Sick at the soul with sorrow: her quick eye
Ran restless thro' the throng, and then she bowed
Her head upon her breast, and one cheek'd sigh
Breath'd sweet reproach 'gainst her Italian boy,
The dark-eyed Guido whom she lov'd so well:
(O how he loved Sicilian Isabel!)
Why came he not that night to share the joy
That sat on every face; and from her heart
Bid fear and all, aye all but hope depart.
For hope is present happiness.

The contrast is still further increased by a picture of the exquisite happiness for some time enjoyed by the lovers: we do not call to mind any thing more poetical.

That morn they sat upon the sea-beach green;
For in that land the sward springs fresh and free
Close to the ocean, and no tides are seen
To break the glassy quiet of the sea:
And Guido with his arm 'round Isabel,
Unclasped the tresses of her chestnut hair,
Which in her white and beaming bosom fell
Like things enamour'd, and then with jealous air
Bade the soft amorous winds not wanton there;
And then his dark eyes sparkled and he wound
The fillets like a coronet around
Her brow, and bade her rise and be a queen.
And oh! 'twas sweet to see her delicate hand
Pressed 'gainst his parted lips, as tho' to check
In mimic anger all those whispers bland
He knew so well to use, and on his neck
Her round arm hung, while half as in command
And half entreaty did her swimming lip
Speak of forbearance, 'till from her pointing lip
He snatched the honey-dews that lovers sip;
And then, in crimsoning beauty, playfully
She frowned, and wore that self-betraying air
That women lov'd and flattered love to wear.
Oft would he as on that same spot they lay
Beneath the last light of a summer's day,
Tell (and would watch the while her steadfast eye),
How on the lone Pacific he had been;
When the Sea-Lion on his watery way
Went rolling thro' the billows green,
And shook that ocean's dead tranquillity:
And he would tell her of past times, and where
He rambled in his boyhood far away,
And spoke of other worlds and wonders fair
And mighty and magnificent, for he
Had seen the bright sun worshipp'd like a god
Upon that land where first Columbus trod;
And travelled by the deep Saint Lawrence's tide;
And by Niagara's cataracts of foam,
And seen the wild deer roam
Amongst interminable forests, where
The serpent and the savage have their lair
Together. Nature there in wildest guise
Stands undebased and nearer to the skies;
And 'midst her giant trees and waters wide
The bones of thin gs forgotten, buried deep
Give glimpses of an elder world, espied
By us but in that fine and dreamy sleep,
When Fancy, ever the mother of deep truth,
Breathes her dim oracles on the soul of youth.

As we have yet to speak of some of the other poems, we can only spare a place for the denouement of the murder. Led by her vision...

—Down the slippery sod
With trembling limbs, and heart that scarcely beat,
And catching at the brambles, as her feet
Sunk in the crumbling earth, the poor girl trod
And there she saw—

And there she saw him—dead. Poor desolate child

Of sixteen summers, had the waters wild
No pity on the boy you loved so well!
There stiff and cold the dark-eyed Guido lay,
His pale face upwards to the careless day,
That smiled as it was wont; and he was found
His young limbs mangled on the rocky ground,
And, 'midst the weltering weeds and shallows
cold,

His black hair floated as the phantom told,
And like the very dream his glassy eye
Spoke of gone mortality.

Passing by "The worship of Dian,"
a classically constructed poem, in the
dramatic form, we merely extract, as a
specimen of the author's versatile powers,
some stanzas from "Gyges," a
performance in the now so famous
Whistlecraft or Beppo style. Candaules
king of Lydia, like a great dolt as he
was for his pains, exposes the beauties
of his lovely wife Lais, to the gaze of
the enamoured Gyges.

The boy came (guided by the king) to where,
In the most deep and silent hour of night,
Stood Lais: quite unloos'd, her golden hair
Went streaming all about like lines of light,
And, thro' the lattice leaves gusts of soft air
Sighed like perfume, and touched her shoulders
white,

And o'er her tresses and her bosom played,
Seeming to love each place o'er which they
strayed.

Then sank she on her couch and drew aside
The silken curtains and let in the moon,
Which trembling ran around the chamber wide,
Kissing and flooding the rich flowers which
June

Had fann'd to life, and which in summer-pride
Rose like a queen's companions. Lais soon,
Touch'd by the scene, look'd as she had forgot
The world: the boy stood rooted to the spot.

He stood, with beating pulse and widen'd eyes,
Like one struck dumb by some magician's
charm,

Listening to the low music of her sighs,
And gazing on her white and rounded arm;
At last the lady motion'd as to rise,

When it occur'd to him there might be harm
Unless he left (and quickly left) the place:
He mov'd, and then she set him face to face.
It was the lady's turn to wonder now.

She wonder'd, but her wonder soon subsided,
And scorn and anger flash'd across her brow;
At length, she grew more calm, and (perhaps
guided

By pity for his youth) she asked him how—
How a young gentleman like him who prided
Himself upon his modesty could call

At such an hour: he blush'd, and told her all.
She swore she would have vengeance for the
wrong,

Double and deadly vengeance—and she had.
His majesty soon after took that long
Journey whence none but ghosts, or things as
bad,

Return: 'twas said his wine grew mighty strong,
And that 'twas handled by this curious lad,
(Gyges) whom Lais fancied from that day,
And made Lord of herself and Lydia.

That king!—he was the last of all his race,
A race of kings and heroes, and he lay
Helpless and dead: his smile gave pow'r and
place

Honour and wealth and joy, but yesterday.

But poison had swept the smile from off his face,
And his cold limbs went floating far away,
Strip'd of the tumb wherein he should have slept:
He liv'd unhonour'd, and he died unwept.

"The Falcon" is a dramatic sketch
of infinite interest, taken from Boccaccio,
and most ingeniously made the author's own. The argument is briefly
this:

Frederigo, of the Alberighi family, loved a gentlewoman and was not requited with like love again. But by
bountiful expenses, and over liberal invitations, he
wasted all his lands and goods, having nothing left him
but a Hawk or Falcon. His unkind mistress (Giana)
happened to come to visit him, and he not having any
other food for her dinner, made a dainty dish of his
Falcon for her to feed on. Being conquered by this
exceeding kind courtesy, she changed her former
hatred towards him, accepting him as her husband in
marriage, and made him a man of wealthy possessions.
Boccaccio (Old Translation). Fifth day, novel 9.

The following is the conclusion of
the scene, when, touched by the noble
proof of his passion, Giana confesses
her affection.

Fred. What can I say?

Gia. Nothing. I read your heart.

Fred. It bursts, my love: but 'tis with joy,
with joy.

Giana! my Giana! we will have
Nothing but halcyon days: Oh! we will live
As happily as the bees that hive their sweets,
And gaily as the summer fly, but wiser:
I'll be thy servant ever; yet not so.

Oh! my own love, divinest, best, I'll be
Thy Sun of life, faithful through every season,
And thou shalt be my flower perennial,
My bud of beauty, my imperial rose,
My passion flower, and I will wear thee on
My heart, and thou shalt never never fade.

I'll love thee mightily my queen, and in
The sultry hours I'll sing thee to thy rest
With music sweeter than the wild birds song;
And I will swear thine eyes are like the stars,
(They are they are, but softer,) and thy shape
Fine as the vaunted nymphs' who, poets feign'd,
Dwelt long ago in woods of Arcady.

My gentle deity! I'll crown thee with
The whitest lilies and then bow me down
Love's own idolater, and worship thee.

And thou wilt then be mine? My love, love!
How fondly will pass our lives together;
And wander, heart-link'd, thro' the busy world
Like birds in eastern story.

Gia. Oh! you rave.

Fred. I'll be a miser of thee; watch thee ever:
At morn, at noon, at eve, and all the night,
We will have clocks that with their silver chime
Shall measure out the moments: and I'll mark
The time and keep love's pleasant calendar.

To day I'll note a smile: to-morrow how
Your bright eye spoke—how sanely, and then
Record a kiss pluck'd from your currant lip;
And say how long 'twas taking: then, thy voice
As rich as stringed harp swept by the winds
In Autumn, gentle as the touch that falls
On serenade's moonlit instrument—

Nothing shall pass unheeded: Thou shalt be
My household goddess—nay smile not, nor shake
Backwards thy clustering curls, incredulous:
I swear it shall be so: it shall, my love.

Gia. Why, now thou'rt mad indeed: mad.

Fred. Oh! not so.

There was a statutory once who lov'd
And worshipp'd the white marble that he shaped;
Till, as the story goes, the Cyprus' queen,
Or some such fine kind-hearted deity,

Touch'd the pale stone with life, and it became
At last, Pygmalion's bride: but thee—on whom
Nature had lavish'd all her wealth before,
Now Love has touch'd with beauty: doubly fit
For human worship thou, thou—let me pause,
My breath is gone.

Gia. With talking.

Fred. With delight.

But I may worship thee in silence, still.

Gia. The evening's dark; Now I must go:
farewell

Until to-morrow.

Fred. Oh! not yet, not yet.

Behold! the moon is up, the bright cy'd moon,
And seems to shed her soft delicious light
On lovers reunited. Why she smiles,
And bids you tarry: will you disobey
The Lady of the sky? beware.

Gia. Farewell.

Nay, nay, I must go.

Fred. We will go together.

Gia. It must not be to-night: my servants wait
My coming at the fisher's cottage.

Fred. Yet,

A few more words, and then I'll part with thee,
For one long night: to-morrow bid me come
(Thou hast already with thine eyes) and bring
My load of love and lay it at thy feet.

—Oh! ever while those floating orbs look bright
Shalt thou to me be a sweet guiding light.
Once, the Chaldean from his topmast tower
Did watch the stars, and then assert their power
Throughout the world: so, dear Giana, I
Will vindicate my own idolatry.

And in the beauty and the spell that lies
In the dark azure of thy love-lit eyes;
In the clear veins that wind thy neck beside,
'Till in the white depths of thy breast they hide,
And in thy polish'd forehead, and thy hair
Heap'd in thick tresses on thy shoulders fair;
In thy calm dignity; thy modest sense;
In thy most soft and winning eloquence;
In woman's gentleness and love (now bent
On me, so poor,) shall lie my argument.

We had intended to finish what we
had to say of this publication in one
Number; but Diego de Montilla, and
several miscellaneous poems, still remain
to be noticed, and we presume
our readers will not be displeased to
see them introduced into our next.

DODWELL'S TOUR IN GREECE. 4to. 2 vols.
(Continued.)

Having in so many of our Numbers
given place to extracts from, and remarks
on this publication, it would be
to be guilty of excess were we to devote
much more to the latter of these
branches. But, still presuming that
Greece is so interesting a country to
almost every reader, as to justify the
extension of our selections, we shall,
without reference to order or to analysis,
endeavour to close our account of Mr.
Dodwell's labours with a few papers
devoted to the most remarkable of his
remaining statements. We take him
up on a visit to Argolis:

"According to Pausanias, Philias, son of
Bacchus, was the third who gave his name
to this country; and, it is to be observed,

that the exuberant fertility of its vineyards has always been, as at present, the theme of panegyric, and that it produces the best wine in the peninsula. The Corinth grape, or currant, is the produce of this fertile plain, and is not cultivated at Corinth, but took the name of *corrant* or currant, from Corinth, as they are embarked on that gulf. Phlious retained its ancient name after the Turks had taken possession of Greece, as we know from the testimony of Laonicus Chalcocondyla. It is at present called Staphlika."

Of Argos itself, the following paragraphs speak.

"This once celebrated city is at present not half so populous as Athens. Its inhabitants do not exceed 5000, the majority of whom are Greeks. Argos occupies a perfect flat at the south-east foot of the ancient acropolis. The houses are small and low, but intermingled with numerous gardens, are dispersed over a considerable space, and exhibit the semblance of a large straggling village. This city contains two mosques and many churches, and is governed by a bey, who has forty villages under his command. Most of the ancient edifices, with which Argos was so copiously furnished and splendidly adorned, have so entirely disappeared, that on entering the town the traveller is inclined to ask where are the thirty temples, the costly sepulchres, the gymnasium, the stadium, and the numerous monuments and statues that Pausanias has described? They have for ever vanished, for of most of them not a trace is to be found. The silent destruction of time, or the fierce ravage of barbarism, has levelled every thing with the ground, except the theatre, the acropolis, and some uninteresting masses of Roman architecture.

"The theatre is at the south-east foot of the acropolis. The seats, which are cut in the rock, are well preserved, and it is of magnificent proportions. In front of the theatre is a large Roman wall of brick, at present named *ἡ τείχος τοῦ τούρκου*: a Turkish aga, who appeared anxious to display his knowledge of antiquities, and at the same time to communicate information, assured me that it was formerly the seraglio, or palace of a king of Argos, and that what I mistook for a theatre was his divan. Another Turk, however, who was present, corrected his friend, and said that it was 'built for ten thousand horned pigs of Greeks, who used to assemble in it for the purpose of hearing people sing, and dance, and make fools of themselves.'"

"Some years after I had made the present tour in Greece, Veli Pasha, governor of the Morea, caused an excavation to be made near the theatre, and discovered sixteen marble statues and busts in good style and preservation, particularly one of Venus and another of Æsculapius. They were not quite half the size of life. On one of these statues was inscribed *ΑΤΤΑΔΟΞ*. Pausanias mentions an Athenian sculptor of this name who made the statue of Apollo Lycius at Argos."

At the Lake of Lerna, the fabulous labour of Hercules is readily explained, by finding that the serpent's heads were springs which

fed the stagnant waters that destroyed the country; and one being destroyed another burst forth. A similar explanation may with great plausibility be given of the cleansing of the Augean stables.

"The principal wealth of Augeas, one of the early kings of Elis, consisted in the immense number of cattle which pastured in the surrounding plain. The arduous enterprise of cleaning out the stables of these cattle was undertaken by Hercules; and he performed it by changing the course of the river Peneios. The stables of Augeas were probably nothing more than the plain; the waters of which, for want of proper outlets, or emissaries, had stagnated into foul marshes, which were cleared and purified by means of drains and fosses;" of which a great foss of artificial formation, extending towards the sea, and seen by Mr. D., seems to be the remains.

The author earnestly recommends the making of excavations among the ruins of Mycenæ, where the treasury of Atreus, the tomb of Agamemnon, &c. offer the most interesting field for antiquarian research. Undoubtedly, the earliest specimens of Grecian art are to be looked for here, with the greatest probability of success. The finest Cyclopian remains in Greece are at Mycenæ and Tiryns, though both inferior to the more gigantic structures of Norba in Latium, which was a Pelasgian colony.

We have heard much of the sentimental project for restoring Greece to independence;—as in most cases of the kind there is a good deal of romance and fanciful colouring in the picture drawn of this new Arcadia. We do not mean to say that any state of society can be so bad as Turkish despotism; but the following description throws such a shade over the subject, as to induce us to think that even the restoration of Greece would furnish but another instance of the frailty and the imperfection of every thing human.

The author went to the Isle of Poros.

"It is inhabited entirely by Greeks, who are rich and industrious traders, almost independent, and extremely insolent and inhospitable to strangers. It was with the greatest difficulty that we could prevail upon a merchant to let us pass the night in one of his lumber rooms; and which we did not effect till he had made us wait three hours at his door, fasting and cold. The worst kind of Greeks are those of Poros, Hydræa, and some of the commercial islands, where they think themselves independent, because not under the immediate bondage of Turkish despotism. They have all the disgusting impudence of emancipated slaves, and are characterized by an overbearing and contemptuous manner, which is far more offensive than the haughty, though genteel and dignified, deportment of the Turks.

"I feel myself imperiously bound to prefer the plain statements of impartial truth to every other consideration, and consequently I shall not scruple to declare that I never found any Turkish insolence or brutality so disgusting as the little despicable pride and low impertinence of the contemptible and

filthy inhabitants of Poros. The Greeks are nowhere so courteous and civilised as in villages, particularly when suffering under the united pressure of poverty and despotism, and governed by a Turk. I have indeed heard the former confess that fair dealing is little practised and justice little respected among them, unless they are awed by the despotic presence of a voivode."

"My janissary, Ibrahim, with all the insolence of a common Turk, was highly offended at the air of independence that was assumed by the Greeks of Poros; and felt particularly shocked at their wearing arms and coloured slippers like Mussulmans. It was extremely amusing to observe the contest between prudence and indignation, which was evidently working in his soul. Circumstances were now changed; and he could no longer indulge himself in his usual ejaculations of 'pig!' and 'dog!' but was compelled to submit to similar derogatory epithets from those whom he had been accustomed from his infancy to consider as slaves. The scene was so truly ridiculous, that my visit to Poros, even with all the insults and bad fare that I experienced, was fully compensated by the retributive justice which now overwhelmed him with the same mortifying outrage with which I had so frequently seen him assail the Greeks, and which I often had the greatest difficulty to repress. It was no easy matter to prevent him from returning to the continent and sleeping amongst the bushes, rather than continue the object of their contemptuous jeers, and the witness of such unusual abominations."

The subjoined passage affords us another Grecian characteristic—

"The soil, which is of a white colour, between Corinth and Sicyon, assumes a dark hue near the latter place. It is extremely fertile; but the village of Basihka is small and miserable. Its inhabitants are Greeks, who are the most obliging people I have met with, but they are merged in the lowest depths of ignorance. They thought me perfectly mad for purchasing their antiquities, and seemed to pity my folly. After they had sold me all their coins, they went into the fields to pick up cows horns, horses hoofs, and bits of bone, which they offered to me as antiques."

From Sicyon, Mr. D. travelled onward to the plain of Olympia, and as this is one of the most promising as well as memorable places in Greece, we copy some of his details respecting it—

"The plain of Olympia is a fertile corn field, and the soil is saturated with the muddy depositions of the Alpheios, which overflows at least once a year. The earth is consequently raised above its original level; and, no doubt, conceals many rich remains of ancient sculpture and magnificence. The number of altars and statues mentioned by Pausanias is truly surprising. Besides four hundred and thirty-five statues of gods, heroes, and celebrated persons, which he particularly describes, he frequently mentions others in a mass. He also enumerates many statues of horses, lions, and other animals, and several cars of bronze.

Nero threw many of the finest statues into the *latrine*, or common sewers, which conducted to the Alpheios. The Tiber, at Rome, is supposed to contain a vast assemblage of ancient sculpture; and thoughts are entertained of turning its course, in order to explore its hidden treasures. The diversion of the Alpheios from its present channel might be effected with less difficulty, and would probably be attended with greater profit.

"It was a favourite plan of the learned Winkelmann to raise a subscription for the excavation of the Olympic plain. If such a project should ever be consummated, we may confidently hope that the finest specimens of sculpture, as well as the most curious and valuable remains, will be brought to light. No place abounded with such numerous offerings to the gods, and with such splendid and beautiful representations in marble, and in bronze. Pausanias, in his tour through this country, saw several remains of cars, shields, and arms, which were discovered in excavating near the column of Oenomaos. The fishermen, at this day, frequently drag up in their nets, from the bed of the Alpheios, the remains of ancient armour and utensils of bronze."

"The helmets which are found at Olympia are generally so extremely thin, that I should doubt whether they were ever used in war. Pausanias informs us, that some ran at the games armed with helmets, shields, and boots; and the light armour which is found at Olympia was probably used for that purpose rather than in military operations. The light Olympian armour was also probably worn in processions; for of that practice we have numerous proofs. Many of the figures in the Panathenaic procession are armed with helmets: and charioteers, in the same warlike attire, are frequently represented on sculptured marble, and on painted vases. This kind of armour, which the ancients termed *στρατιωτικὴν*, was distinguished from that used in war, which was denominated *στρατιωτικὴν*. Dionysius of Halicarnassus observes, that there is as much difference between the orations of Demosthenes and the orations of others, as there is between the *στρατιωτικὴν*, or 'armour made for war,' and the *στρατιωτικὴν*, 'manufactured for show.'

"It is evident that warlike armour was of considerable weight; for Plutarch asserts, that Alkimos, the Epirote, one of the officers of Demetrios, son of Antigonos, wore a complete suit of armour which weighed two talents, equal to about a hundred and twenty pounds; whereas the armour of the other soldiers seldom exceeded half that weight. Plutarch also says, that Zollos of Cyprus made two cuirasses of iron for Demetrios, weighing each no more than forty *minae*, which is equal to about as many pounds. The helmets and shields used by the Greeks in war were sometimes of leather or wood. They were, however, occasionally composed of brass, and some of the parts were of gold, silver, iron, or tin. I have seen a helmet of iron, of considerable weight, which was found near Athens. Votive armour was

also of a light quality: a helmet of this kind, with an inscription in ancient Greek characters, is in the collection of Mr. Payne Knight."

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF NAPLES.

A History of Naples has been published by the Russian Count G. Orloff, and translated into French, with notes, by M. Amoury Duval. What share this *liberal* Frenchman has had in the work may be surmised from the following extracts from a review of it in a Paris anti-royalist journal.—

"The French Revolution could neither reach nor threaten the kingdom of Naples, which was destined to be enriched by the misfortunes of Europe. However the ambitious Caroline determined not to remain inactive; she entered the lists; but she was not crowned with the success she had anticipated. Being forced to yield to the conqueror, she dissembled; but she soon violated her treaties, and was driven from Naples, where the republic rose out of the ruins of the monarchy.

"The defeat of the French forces in Upper Italy, however, paved the way for Caroline to return to her states, and in 1799 she entered them, thirsting for blood, preceded by a cardinal marching at the head of an army of brigands and assassins, whom he styled royalists. "Every patriot, every man who was marked out as such by the vindictive, was strangled or massacred. Sex, age, misfortune, rank, genius, nothing was spared.

"The inhabitants were divided into two classes—executioners and victims: the assassins evinced a refinement in the choice, the variety, and the cruelty of the tortures they inflicted; the rich were sacrificed on the threshold of their palaces, and the poor on the threshold of the churches. The latter were torn to pieces by cannibals who devoured their palpitating flesh; others, after being dragged through the streets, were bound, either dead or dying, to piles which were kindled in the public streets.

"The most sacred capitulation was violated by Nelson himself, at the solicitation of an old chambermaid of a common prostitute, of Lady Hamilton, the favorite of the Queen, and the instrument of her persecutions. Nelson, the honor of his country, was forever degraded in the eyes of his contemporaries and posterity. Gibbets were erected before his eyes; a junta of assassins was established, not to judge but merely to mark out victims, according to the categories which Lady Hamilton set up by order of the Queen; and every crime which ferocity could invent was committed in the King's name. The streets were deluged with blood. In a few days every individual distinguished for genius, virtue, talent, or industry, was mercilessly butchered, and the most blood-thirsty enemy to the glory and prosperity of the kingdom, would have shuddered to wish that it might fall a prey to the horrors inflicted on it by those whom fortune had again summoned to be its rulers. Finally, the restoration sacrificed upwards of 34,000 victims, all chosen from among those classes

which might be termed the very flower of the nation."

SMEETON'S REPRINTS.

In Nos. 139 and 140 of the Literary Gazette, we noticed at some length the nine reprints of scarce tracts, which had then appeared from the press of Mr. Smeeton, in St. Martin's Lane. Pursuing his excellent plan, three more of these little entertaining and curious publications have now been issued, of which we have XI and XII before us. These fully warrant the repetition of the praises which we bestowed upon the original design, and its execution. The former is "The History of the Gunpowder Treason," as printed at the Rose and Crown, in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1679; and requires no further remark than that it is neatly got up, and has a frontispiece of Guy Faux, with a dark lantern at the mouth of the vault, containing the combustibles for effecting a reform in Parliament, much more luminously and effectually than any of the schemes avowed in our degenerate times!

The twelfth number is more deserving of regard, though of a nature which affords hardly any opportunity for the offices of a reviewer. It is a reprint of Vicars's "England's Worthies: under whom all the civil and bloody wars, since anno 1642 to anno 1647 are related," &c. &c. This was first published in 1647, at the Sun and Fountain in Paul's Churchyard; and besides brief sketches of the principal exploits of the 'Worthies' whom it celebrates, presents us with eighteen of their portraits. To these, which are neatly executed, Mr. Smeeton has prefixed a very clever engraving of the print from Faithorne's celebrated chalk drawing of "Cromwell between the pillars" (copies of which have sold as high as 40l.), which, it is said, was afterwards changed to William III. Thus this little volume is enriched by the arts, in a manner to recommend to particular favour; and we have no doubt, it will increase the patronage which these publications have obtained.

The text scarcely admits of being brought forward in our review; but as the antiquated style, and extraordinary difference between those times and the present, may be illustrated by a few extracts, we select and add two or three of the least known anecdotes.

Among the Parliamentary Generals, Skippon, Massey, and Langhorn, were conspicuous: the following relate to these commanders:—First, of Skippon, it is said—

And in the most furious and famous battle of Nazeby, in Northamptonshire, about the midst of June 1645, this most virtuous and valiant commander having bin a most eminent actor and instrument (under God) of obtaining that most glorious and kingdom-crowning victory, there received (among divers other wounds) one most and dangerous wound which was credibly reported to be about 8 inches long in his body on the left side, under his short ribs, by a bullet which had most dangerously battered his armour and broken and beaten a piece of it into his belly, which lay long there to his great continued pain, so that there was no small fear of his precious life. And it was credibly reported, that the King himself should say (in a kind of consolatory way, to himself) when he heard of this, that though he had lost the victory at Nazeby, yet *Skippon* was slain. But praised be God it proved otherwise.

After this renowned commander had lye a while at Northampton town, or thereabout, for the dressing of his wounds, and it being held fit (by the Parliament, who took tender care of him) to remove him thence to London, for the more hopefull cure: this brave gentleman being with all easiest convenience, put into a horse litter to be brought to London, and coming to Islington a town a little more then a mile from London; it pleased the Lord that it should so fall out (to the greater setting forth of his power and providence) that in the said town, a great mastiff-dog, on a sudden, ran most fiercely out of a house, fell furiously upon one of the horses that carried the litter, got the horse by the stones, behind, made the horse, thereby, fling and fly about, and beat and shake the litter up and down, too and fro, in a most dangerous manner shaking the gentlemen sorely wounded body thereby, and ready continually to overthrow the litter and greatly endanger the noble gentlemen's life; all which while there being no possible means to beat off the dog, or make him leave his hold of the horse, till they ran him through with a sword and kill'd him; which as soone as they could, they did; and so brought this noble gentleman to his house in Bartholmews the Great, where, notwithstanding all this (the Lord had so admirably enabled him to bear this terrible brunt) being laid to rest in his bed, prayers sent up to God for him in all the churches in London, and speciall care had to the cure of his wound, by Gods blessing on the industry and fidelity of the honest and religious chyrurgion Mr. *Trap-pam*, who at length, by Gods mercy got out a great piece of a rag of his waistcoat, which had been beaten into his body, by his armour, through the force of the bullet, and lay festering in the wound, but thus got out, in Gods good time, a perfect cure was made of it. Thus it was made manifest to the whole world; that God had graciously reserved him unto, yet some more glorious worke for the honour of his great name; and the good of his poore church.

Of Massey, the annexed incident is related—

About the middle of October 1644, this magnanimous Colonell understanding that Sir *John Winter*, that active Papist had again endeavoured to fortifie that considerable passage of Bereky or Betsley, where he had formerly well cudgell'd him, he most courageously set upon him there also again but now with extraordinary hazard of his precious life; for in the midst of the fight, his horse by leaping a ditch, overthrew him to the ground, which a musketer of the enemies party soone perceiving, suddainly gave fire upon, but by Gods good providence, he mist his marke, which he also seeing, and being, somewhat neerer him, as soone as he had discharged, hee turn'd the butt end of his musket and strook fiercely at this brave Colonell, and with the force of the blow strook off his head-piece (all this being so suddainly done that the Col. had no time to consider the great danger he was in) but now it pleased the Lord (whom it seems most evidently by this mighty danger and deliverance, the Lord his God reserved for, yet some more great hon. work for his further glory and his churches good, just as it was though in another kind with his famous compeer renowned Gen. *Skippon*) it now, I say pleased the Lord to give this noble Col. such an undaunted spirit and renewed courage that he suddainly recovered his feet, instantly charged the musketer, and kill'd him on the place, and very speedily after obtained a most memorable victory over Sir *J. Winter*, forced this his grand adversary to tumble downe a steepe hill to save his life, but in danger to have broken his neck, took many commanders, officers and common souldiers prisoners, slew divers on the place: took 8 barrels of powder, 8 peeces of ordnance, with many horse and armes, and returned home laden with as much honour as rich spoiles and prizes.

And of Langhorn, or rather of his opponents, we have this whimsical story—

After this he marched toward Haverfordwest, and in his approach thereunto; so frightened Sir *Henry Vaughan*, and Sir *John Stepney*, then Governour of the said towne, that hee looking forth to see if hee could discover his enemies coming, saw about halfe a mile off a heard of black bullocks with white hornes (as they used to have) coming toward him in the field, which being all in a cluster, so amazed him, that hee ranne to the head of his forces, and swearing a most desperate great oath, cries out to his souldiers, the roundhead dogs are coming, at which report, they all ran away as fast as they could drive each other before them, throwing away their armes to fly for their lives, and those that had powder threw it into the river, that so the roundheads might not make use of it against them; and by this means the towne of Haverfordwest, being most disgracefully forsaken, this most noble Major, General took it most easily with all the armes and ammunition in it.

These passages will show the nature of Vicars's slight biographical sketches; and may amuse our readers when con-

trasted with the language, and what would be the probable events in our times, were "civill and bloody warres" again to break out. Assuredly, there would be this great difference, that religion would have no share in modern rebellion, either in reality or pretence; and instead of Parliament itself being the reforming body, the claim for Parliamentary reform would be set in the front of the battle.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AFRICA.

We understand a negociation is pending with the Emperor of Morocco, by a foreign power, which has engaged an English gentleman to open a communication on an extensive commercial plan with Timbuctoo and other empires of Sudan or Negritia. This gentleman is to proceed through Fas to Taflett, where he will receive letters of protection and hospitality, from the Emperor to the Arabian Sheiks of Sahara and of Bled el Jerced, and letters of credit to a company of Fas merchants established at Timbuctoo, who are to supply the chief of the expedition with what money he may want, and take his bills on Fas for the amount of the same.

This journey is to be commenced from the Imperial Palace at Taflett, on Heiries*. four of these animals are to be purchased expressly for the journey, and each is to carry forty pounds weight of rice and other provisions, besides the riders, who are to be all Sheiks of Sahara, and each to receive on his arrival at Timbuctoo, 1000 Spanish Mexico dollars. The gentleman who has undertaken this journey, speaks with confidence of its success; and he calculates on performing it in fifteen days actual travelling! He purposes to remain at the Imperial Palace at Taflett fifteen days, to accustom himself to the rough motion of the Heirie.

It is proposed to travel from Taflett to Tatta in three days, and there sojourn three days; then travel three days to East Tayrassa, and sojourn three days; then travel to Tandoun in three days, and sojourn three; then travel three days to the Well of Arawan, there sojourn three days; and then proceed to Timbuctoo in three days more. This journey will be commenced about the end of February next, and be finished by the end of March. During the residence of the chief of the expedition at Timbuctoo, in the summer and autumn, one of the Sheiks on a heirie is to be dispatched to Houssa, Wangara, and Dar el Beida (vulgarly called Darbeit), on the coast of the Red Sea; another is to be dispatched south-

* A description of this extraordinary animal is given in Jackson's account of Morocco, published by Cadell and Davies, page 90:—a confirmation of which will be found in Colonel Fitzclarence's Journey overland from India to England through Egypt, p. 494, 495.

ward to Benin and New Calabar: a third will proceed through the heart of Africa to Sofala, opposite the island of Madagascar, from whence he will return to head-quarters at Timbuctoo: the Sheik who is to undertake this last journey, will perform it, he says, in three months, to Sofala and back to Timbuctoo; and will collect every information that he is required, being a very shrewd and intelligent man, and an Arabian astrologer. The fourth heire will remain at Timbuctoo, ready to undertake any desultory journey that may offer, whilst the chief of the expedition will also remain at Timbuctoo, to negotiate with the king and other princes, as opportunity may offer. All the Arabian travellers will receive the necessary instructions how to collect geographical and commercial information, and each will be supplied with *two compasses* to ascertain their direction; these journeys being performed, the party will join at Timbuctoo, and return altogether to Taflett!!

This expedition is connected with a plan to land 300 men on the coast of Sahara, at a spot known to be eligible for a commercial colony; whence a communication will be immediately opened with Timbuctoo and Sudan.

The chief of the expedition speaks with the utmost confidence of his ability to accomplish this grand undertaking, which his perfect knowledge of the country the people, their manners, customs, and language, will not a little facilitate.

We only regret that so meritorious a scheme has not originated with the British government, persuaded as we are, that at this period an accredited agent from it competent to the purpose, would have had more influence with the Emperor of Morocco than one from any other power in Christendom.

We shall be enabled in a short time to announce publicly the names of the travellers, and further particulars of this interesting journey.

This plan embraces the gradual abolition of the slave trade; the gradual conversion of the pagans and idolaters of Africa to Christianity; and the civilization (through commerce) of the African continent.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DISCOVERY OF ROMAN ANTIQUITIES IN BAVARIA.

Near Taharding, on the Alza, the issue of the Chrem. Lake in Bavaria, fragments of Roman buildings have been discovered: Floors of marble mosaic, vaults resting on pillars, but particularly pipes four inches in diameter made of burnt earth, each pipe pierced on two sides, but all lying one over the other with their holes corresponding, and forming an entire wall which is consequently hollow in the inside. Such pipes formerly served instead of stoves to heat the adjoining chambers, as the warmth of a fire made any where spread in all directions. Similar pipes, made of hollow bricks lay cross ways under the floors of the rooms. (This mode of heating rooms has been revived in modern times.)

DISCOVERY OF A FOSSILE CROCODILE ON THE BANKS OF THE MAINE.

Banks of the Maine, Nov. 7, 1819.

Some time ago there was found at Darting, near Manheim, in Bavaria, in a mine of pea-ore (iron ore in the shape of peas and beans), a few feet under ground, the petrified skeleton of a narrow-jawed crocodile, the Gavial of antiquity. This is the only specimen hitherto known of such an amphibious animal, of which, as far as we are aware, none now exist in the waters of the earth. It is quite different from the common narrow-jawed crocodile: for example, the large and small teeth succeed each other in a regular alternation.

DISCOVERY OF ANTIQUITIES IN POLAND.

Several ancient tombs have been discovered in different places in the grand duchy of Posen. The direction of a great proportion of them extends from Schmiegel to Kosten. The urns, several bearing inscriptions, and other objects which have been found there, may possibly throw some light on the remote ages of paganism: and to encourage research as much as possible, Mr. de Zerboni di Spoceti, first president of the grand duchy, has transmitted an order to every provincial bureau in the department, relative to the examination of these tombs, and the precautions to be taken in making the excavations.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Nov. 27.

Tuesday the following Degrees were conferred:—

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

John Egerton, Fellow of New College. John Harrison, Jesus College. Hon. Augustus Frederick Illy, St. Mary Hall. Edward Horne Hulston, Brasenose College. Thomas Hill, Brasenose College. George Christopher Hayward, Pembroke College. Horace George Cholmondeley, Balliol College.

CAMBRIDGE Nov. 26.

His Royal Highness the Chancellor of the University has accepted the office of Patron of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, and has presented the Institution with a munificent testimony of his approbation.

The two Representatives in Parliament for the university have also become Life Members of the Society.

The following gentlemen were on the 15th instant elected Officers of the Cambridge Philosophical Society:

PRESIDENT.

Rev. W. Farish, Magd. Coll. Jacksonian Professor.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

J. Haviland, M.D. St. John's, Regius Prof. of Physic.

SECRETARIES.

Rev. A. Sedgwick, M.A. Trin. Woodwardian Prof. Rev. S. Lee, M.A. Queen's Coll. Professor of Arabic.

TREASURER.

Rev. B. Bridge, B.D. Fellow of Pet. Coll.

ORDINARY MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

Rev. E. D. Clarke, L.L.D. Jes. Prof. of Mineralogy. Rev. J. Cumming, M.A. Trin. Prof. of Chemistry. Rev. T. Catton, B.D. Fellow of St. John's Coll. Rev. T. Turton, B.D. Fellow of Catharine hall. Rev. T. Kerich, M.A. Magd. Coll. Principal Librarian. R. Woodhouse, M.A. Fellow of Caius Coll. R. Gwatkin, M.A. Fellow of St John's Coll. The Hon. Robert John Eden, M.A. of Magdalene College, is elected Fellow of that society.

FINE ARTS.

THE PAINTED CHAMBER.

We have taken an opportunity personally to examine the remarkable remains of ancient art, which the uncovering of the walls of the Painted Chamber has disclosed; and as these precious relics are not only again hidden under new pannels and hangings, but much deteriorated by the operations of the workmen employed to execute these arrangements, we are sure that even the imperfect account which we are able to lay before our readers, will be valued by them, as well as by the curious in general; and especially by the artist and antiquarian. The latter classes will sympathize with us, when we mention the grief and regret with which we saw posts and rafters driven into the walls of this apartment—sacred, as it were, to the elder royalty of England; and unique for the vestiges of the earliest paintings which we could boast, after the body-daubings of our savage ancestors—the earliest that ever adorned the palaces of our kings. It is true, that copies of the pictures have been taken (for the Board of Works, we believe), as far as their faint and defaced condition would permit; but this has not been done in a manner satisfactory to the amateur, with full leisure, ample facilities, and every necessary encouragement and accommodation. On the contrary, the artists employed were, when we visited the place, enveloped in dust and rubbish, from the labours of many carpenters, bricklayers, and plaisterers; they were clambering over scaffoldings, and catching glimpses of their subjects, as well as all the apparatus of a thorough common-repair would allow. The walls of a parish workhouse could not have been treated with greater disregard than these interesting monuments, in the hurry to get the place ready for the meeting of Parliament, this being the room where the conferences between the Lords and

Commons are held;—it was a melancholy sight.

The Painted Chamber, so called from these very specimens, is a part of the ancient palace of Westminster. It occupies almost the whole of a building nearly of equal extent, and running parallel to St. Stephen's Chapel (now the House of Commons), with its gable end to the Thames, and higher up the river than the chapel. It is therefore a very large room or hall, with several gothic windows on each side, and a fine end window towards the river. In Bennet College, Cambridge, there is a Latin MS. entitled "*Itinerarium Fratris Simonis Simeonis, et Hugonis Illuminatoris 1322*," which says, "at the other end of London is a monastery of Black Monks, named Westminster, in which all the kings of England are constantly and in common buried; and to the same monastery is almost immediately joined, that most famous palace of the king, in which is that well-known Chamber, on whose walls all the histories of the wars of the whole Bible are painted beyond description, and with most complete and perfect descriptions in French, to the great admiration of the beholders, and with the greatest regal magnificence." We have it thus in proof, that the Painted Chamber, as it is at this moment found to be ornamented, existed in 1322; but from the terms used by the writers, it is evident that the palace and this apartment were "famous" long antecedent to that date. Edward the Confessor died in this room; and there can be little hesitation in ascribing its origin, at least, to the period of Henry III. as there is extant a mandate of that monarch's, for paying Odo, goldsmith and clerk of the works at Westminster, 4l. 11s. for pictures to be done in the king's chamber there. Warton however says; that the palace was burnt in 1299, and rebuilt by Edward I.; and, if the Chamber fell, with the rest, a prey to the flames, this fixes the execution of the paintings to the era between 1299, the date of the fire, and 1322, the date of the MS. in Bennet College.

It appears to us probable, as well from the number of the subjects and their different natures, as from the great space which they occupy, which could not have been covered in a short time, that the paintings were the product of several reigns, and done under the orders of different kings, and the directions of different artists, English and foreign, but principally the former.

Walpole seems to have been very ill-informed on this subject; and his flip-pant remarks on honest Vertue's endeavours to substantiate the antiquity of the art which he loved in his native country, now recoil with ten-fold force on his artificial and cold-blooded derider. The discoveries made when the painted walls of the chamber were first brought to light in 1800 (while altering the parliamentary accommodations, in consequence of the Union), did not half so strongly illustrate this fact as those which we have traced. If Mr. Walpole could have seen these walls, he would have arrived at very opposite conclusions from those which he jumped at respecting the state of the arts in the reign of Henry III. who appears to have been one of their warmest patrons that ever sat upon the English throne. We find, by indisputable records, that oil-colours were employed in these works, (viz. in the Queen's chamber in Westminster palace,) in 1239; whereas the supposed invention of oil-painting is attributed to John Von Eyck, above 200 years later, in 1441! We further ascertain, that composition, design, and all the higher branches of the art, were far better understood in those days than we have hitherto been inclined to credit. These pictures are indeed every way equal to the first oil-paintings, on transportable substances, which have been preserved to us, though the latter are centuries later. The outlines are not more hard, the attitudes not less natural, the action not more strained, the grouping not worse imagined, the expression in no way inferior, the perspective nearly as good, and the general style fully in as grand and correct a taste. Such things could not be performed by mere mechanics,—"house-painters," as Mr. Walpole suspects they might have been: they are the works of men (*pictores*, as they are designated in the records,) in an extraordinary degree enlightened for the age in which they lived.

Among his many other Precepts for ornamenting the royal palace at Winton, Wudestok, the Tower of London, Windsor, Nottingham, Guldeford, Kenelworth castle, &c. there is one remarkable instrument, the 36th of Henry III. which commands, that a low chamber in the king's garden, &c. should be painted; in which chamber a chimney should be made, and the chamber called *Antioch*, probably, as is conjectured by Smith, in his *Antiquities of Westminster*, because the paintings were to re-

present the siege of Antioch, in the first crusade, anno 1098. Having seen the subjects lately bared to view, we are reluctantly compelled to dissent from this diligent inquirer. We are not certain that the Painted Chamber is identified with the Antioch Chamber, which is described as having *parvam turellam ultra capellam*, no traces whereof are now visible; but if they are the same, then it is not the siege of *Antioch* which is represented, but a picture of *Antiochus* putting to death the children at Jerusalem. The whole story is distinctly visible*. The tyrant is directing the execution, and the brothers are being martyred in the cruellest manner. On the right, is one (a principal figure) tortured to death by fire; and it is remarkable, that an executioner is blowing up the flames with a pair of bellows of precisely the same construction and shape as those now in use. On the left is another, having his tongue torn out with pincers; and the wretched mother is seen exhorting her youngest son to constancy, that he may die steadfast for his country. We have very little doubt, therefore, that the name of the *Antioch Chamber*, the origin of which has hitherto been merely guessed at by antiquaries, is founded upon this performance, which is executed about the centre of the chamber, on the southern side.

But it appears that this chamber was called St. Edward's Chamber; an elucidation of which title is likewise to be found in another distinguished picture between the great window and the fire-place on the northern side. This is the coronation of Edward the Confessor, on which the utmost splendour of the art in those days is exhausted. The king, the regalia, mitred churchmen, warlike barons, are all painted with extraordinary magnificence; and the compartment is one glow of gold and brilliant blue, and other positive colours. The action is dignified, and the grouping really fine. The figures are about two thirds the size of life. The features of most of the subordinate characters are quite brilliant; the kings are defaced. Over the whole is inscribed in Longo-bardic letters, "*Cestle Coronmant Saint Edward*."

Without entering further into the points of antiquarian research, on which

* See Maccabees, lib. 2, cap. vii. Over the king's head his name is inscribed, and over the female's "*La mere & VII. filiz*." There are inscriptions above and below, and an arched canopy.

opinions may differ, and various theories be plausibly supported, we shall now briefly describe the general appearance of the Painted Chamber, not having possessed opportunities of making ourselves acquainted with particulars. It is, as *Pierce Plowman* expresses it in his *crede*,

"As a parlement hous y peynted aboute."

There are seven compartments, running horizontally round the walls, and devoted to many different subjects, though not to "all the histories of the wars of the whole bible," as mentioned in the Bennet College MS. Some of these wars are indeed painted with great spirit: other divisions display the most memorable incidents in the lives of the greater prophets: some are ornamental, to fill up the sides of windows, separated pannels, &c. and consist of angels, fancy scrolls, grotesques, and other devices, not connected with the sacred historical or biographical series.

The lower compartment is about two feet broad, and the superior six compartments gradually increase in breadth till, near the ceiling, the uppermost allows the figures to be above the life size, and thus calculated for the distance of the spectator's eye. Here we have the same skill evinced as in the noblest Grecian temples.

Besides gold, extensively used, the colours are principally blue, red, and green: the former preserve their freshness, and the latter is generally faded. It may not, perhaps, be unentertaining to inquire, what were the materials employed by artists in those days. Not having had it in our power to submit any portion of these on the walls of the Painted Chamber to chemical analysis, we must draw our information from analogy; and, fortunately for us, the roof of St. Stephen's Chapel (till lately partitioned off and occupied for bedrooms, by the establishment of Mr. Bellamy, the housekeeper to the House of Commons), has been cleared of its incumbrances, and laid open to view. This admirable structure, it is true, is now only the receptacle for the flues which ventilate the house; a garret reservoir for the vapours and gases that rise from the hot debates and lights below; but its character is more distinguishable than before; its exquisite architectural ornaments are exposed to view; and parts of its chromatic glories, of the same age, with those in the Painted Chamber, can be compared and identified with these. This is an im-

portant matter; for we know from numerous records, of what the works done in St. Stephen's Chapel consisted: we have before us every minute detail of the artists, as well as artificers employed, and of the materials with which they wrought. Among these we find the monarch ordering and paying for gold, silver, tin, oil, red-lead, white-lead, azure (by the quartern), sinople senople or cynople, green, indebas, vermillion, myne (by the lb.), finctu (by the half-quartern), cole (by the flagon), oker, cynephe, brun, and red vernish, for the use of the painters. In one old roll azure, that prominent colour, is mentioned, of two kinds, viz. pure azure, and bys azure. We have also enumerated cotton, for laying on the gold; peacock's and swan's feathers, squirrel's tails, and hog's-hair, for the painting-brushes of these ancient artists; leaves of gold, of silver, and of tin; "flagons of painters' oil;" teynt (by the lb.) for the painting of the angels, and varnishes of several colours, such as red, white, &c.

It is thus distinctly evident, that oil painting was not uncommon in England at least a century prior to the era limited by Walpole. In the reign of Edward III. (from 1350 to 1356,) we have indisputable records of the fact; and it is gratifying further to find, that native artists, and not foreigners, were the parties who used this process. It is true, that a doubt may be raised, whether 'William the Monk, of Westminster,' may not be the same with a contemporary, 'William of Florence'; or whether 'Master Walter, the king's painter,' named in various precepts of Henry III. was an Englishman or an Italian. But the probability that native artists existed at that period is rendered very strong, when we are sure that they executed the most famous designs so soon after as the reign of his son. There can be no question, but that 'Richard of Essex, John of Carlisle, Roger of Worcester, Edmund of Norfolk, and a multitude of others, located in English towns, and named as assistants to the above 'Master Walter' in the reign of Edward I., were native artists, and pursued their art with the materials and "flagons of painter's oil," stated in these venerable precepts. We repeat and press this point with great earnestness; because we consider it as of the highest consequence, not only to our national claim to celebrity in the earliest ages of painting, but as eminently entitled to attention, as marking

an epoch in the art itself, and removing the invention of the use of oil to a period even centuries prior to the received belief.

With this vehicle, we have every reason to presume that the colours combined were all metallic: either oxyds of metals, sulphures, or acid metallic salts. Thus vermillion, red and white lead, &c. With some of the materials specified, we are unacquainted. The sinople (of Pliny) is an oxyd of iron, resembling ochre, or the ruddle of modern times. The green, scraped off and submitted to analysis, is found to be a preparation of copper, probably verdigris. The blue is ultra-marine (at least we are of that opinion), obtained, as now, from the lapis lazuli; and some of this colour may be smalt; a preparation of cobalt melted with silice, and the same which constitutes the blue in China. What indebas, myne, and cynephe were, we do not know. To receive these tints, the stone or fine plaister was generally primed with red-lead, mixed with oleaginous matter. In the Painted Chamber, part of the pictures are upon the stone, and part on plaister about three-quarters of an inch thick, and coated on the outside with a finer preparation.

On these walls there are, besides the subjects we have had occasion to notice, very long inscriptions in Norman French, which probably, besides prayers and scripture texts, relate the same stories which the pictures represent. The remarkable heads, on oak-bourds, of saints, apostles, and martyrs, which the removal of the medallions on the ceiling disclosed, were accurately described in the Literary Gazette, No. 138 (Sept. 11th); and we beg to refer to that publication, which contained, in other respects, an account gathered from extraneous sources, that seems to us, after personal investigation, to be generally correct, though neither so ample nor so authoritative as we can now pledge ourselves to have produced; bending no facts for the sake of system, but endeavouring to do justice to our progenitors in the arts, by the plain statement of the truth, as developed on those walls, and inferences deduced from indisputable records.

How much we deplore the augmentation to their former ruin, which these inestimable memorials have recently undergone, it would be a waste of words to repeat. No doubt, the officers charged with these alterations were without an alternative; and had to see

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that the orders given from higher quarters were obeyed. We are sure the duty must have been a painful one; and trust that they have taken means to preserve as much as they could the remembrance of these ancient works*. The drawings, copies of the inscriptions, and such antiquities as were capable of being removed (such as the heads from the ceiling, some rare and curious Norman tiles with designs upon them, which we observed in the most ancient parts of the floor, the unique fire-place, &c.), would form a museum of no common interest to the lovers of antiquities and the arts; and it is to be hoped that they have been carefully kept together. It is not likely that even the mutilated remains will be again exposed in our day; and till a more perfect account of them is rendered, we have great satisfaction in offering this description (the result of casual and unofficial observation) to our friends and readers*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

TO SOME SHEEP AT PASTURE IN LINCOLN'S INN SQUARE.

Humly inscribed to those learned Counsel Messrs. Wether-ell, Rays - botham, Shepherd, Lamb, Horne, Legge, Mere-wether, & Serjeant Pell.

Poor things! unconscious of your woes,
You seem to feed in peace;
Tho' circled by a square of foes,
Whose trade it is to fleece.

Ah! little think ye, while their grass
Ye nibble here and there,
What evils threat; the moments pass,
And soon ye will be bare.

Let winter's wet, or winter's frost,
Or drench or bite ye sore;
Thence without woolly covering lost
Depart ye never more.

Nor that the worst—for as ye pick
Each blade with bleating moans,
The wolves around as surely lick
Their lips to pick your bones.

For every shoot their shaven lawn
Affords, the ravenous gluttons
Foredoom your backs for hose to pawn,
For dinners all your muttons.

Friak as ye may, struggle as ye will,
Be obstinate or phant;
They'll shear ye first, and then they'll kill,
As if each were a client.

* Since writing this account we have seen a paper upon the same subject in the Gentleman's Magazine, published on the 1st, which mentions a few particulars of an antiquarian nature meriting attention. We shall therefore refer to such of them as we have not already specified, in a short article in our next Number, to describe the state of the chamber since the alterations have been made.

The butcher dread, in short-skirt coat,
And knife half red, half bright,
Is merciful, when in the throat
He digs with murderous might;
To these long-robed and ruthless men
Whose bowels do not feel;
Who cut and cut and come again,
And swallow all piece-meal.
Defenceless sheep, your term is come;
For suits your fleece will go;
Jaw-work you'll furnish, every crumb—
Fare good!—for ever-moe.
Chancery Lane, SHEEPFACE.
In 15 Days of St. Martin, 1819.

HOME.

"Has not old Custom made this life more sweet,
Than that of painted pomp?"

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Oh! 'tis sweet to retire from the world and its
wiles,
And renounce all life's idle inducements to
roam;
To fly from its tumults, to court not its smiles,
And centre our joys in the circle at home.
To trust but to those who we know are sincere,
And who in our paths never scatter'd a thorn;
To live but for those who deserve to be dear,
And laugh this vain world and its vot'ries to
scorn.

Not forced to applaud what our hearts disap-
prove,
Nor venture in whispers alone to condemn;
But to place all our hopes on the few that we
love,
And feel we are safe in depending on them.

Not idly to linger, till Time shall proclaim,
That the search after pleasure must shortly be
o'er;
And nothing is left but a weak worn-out frame,
And regret for the days which no power can re-
store.

But ere the gay summer of youth shall be fled,
To find out the end of existence below,
And while we the sweet tears of gratitude shed,
Acknowledge this world hath no more to be-
stow.

Nov. 30, 1819.

FEMINA.

MR. MACREADY IN CORIOLANUS.

"This is the noblest Roman of them all;"
And he shall wear his victor crown, and stand
Distinct amidst the genius of the land,
And lift his head aloft while others fall.
He hath not bowed him to the vulgar call,
Nor bid his countenance shine obsequious, bland,
But let his dark eye keep its high command,
And gather'd from "the few" his coronal.
—Yet unassuming, hath he won his way;
And therefore fit to breathe the lines of him
Who gaily, once, beside the Avon river,
Shaped the great verse that lives and shall live
for ever.

But He now revels in eternal day,
Peerless amongst the earth-born cherubim.
Nov. 29, 1819.

SYBILLA.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

FRENCH MANNERS.

THE WATER-CARRIER AND HIS FAMILY.

"Il faut bien distinguer le peuple d'avec le peuple."
"Voilà. Vous trouverez chez l'un tous les germes
de la vertu, chez l'autre toutes les semences du
vice." D.....

Among the concourse of strangers who

are continually flocking to Paris, and who readily exchange the old manners of their grandfathers for the new fashions of the capital, some are shielded from the general contagion by natural good sense, and habits which they have happily contracted in their childhood. These honest country-folks, who have not been spoiled by a residence in Paris, present a peculiar cast of physiognomy; their manners, their costume,—all serve to distinguish them from the native Parisians.

These exceptions are by no means uncommon in the plebeian class. The lower order of people usually remain faithful to the first impressions they have received: their memories happily retain the rigid principles which prudent foresight has engraved on their minds; accustomed to privations from the very cradle, they disdain the enjoyments which wealth procures, and all their happiness rests within the circle of their own families. Whilst the rich speculator dreads the idea of sharing among a numerous string of heirs, the millions which chance has thrown into his hands, and prays that heaven will grant him only one son to perpetuate his name; the poor mechanic, full of hope in Providence, and confidence in his own strength and industry, views without disquietude a cluster of children rising round him, whose robust health is frequently their only fortune.

Whilst I was reading over in a low tone of voice these reflections, which were intended as an introduction to my article, *André* softly entered my closet, and leaning with his back against the wall, listened to me with the attention of a judge. When I had finished, a nod of his head informed me that what I had written met with his approval. Then assuming that mysterious tone which he always reserves for important communications, my old servant informed me that *Giroux*, our water-carrier, was waiting in the anti-chamber till I should be at leisure to give him an audience. I immediately desired *André* to shew him in.

Giroux was a man apparently upwards of sixty, and though he bore evident signs of age and a life devoted to hard labour, yet his countenance was animated by health and cheerfulness. After repeatedly rolling and unrolling the immense scroll of his round hat, and having twenty times drawn back his right foot, which as it slid along the ground, left visible traces of his numerous bows; *Giroux* at length ventured to speak. For some time his discourse turned wholly upon me: I was his oldest customer, and but for the rich wine-merchant who had lately come to reside in the neighbourhood, I should be his best. I soon perceived that this torrent of compliments had turned his attention from the real object of his visit, and I thought it expedient to restore his recollection by making some inquiries respecting his family. Thank heaven, replied *Giroux*, they are all well, and I have come to request that you will do us the honor to be present at a ceremony, which I hope will increase our happiness. My youngest daughter is to be married next week; the betrothing will take place the day after to-

morrow; and if, Sir, you could sacrifice a few hours to us, it will afford the bride great pleasure to have your signature on the contract. Though this invitation was somewhat singular, yet it was given with so much frankness and sincerity that I could not possibly decline it; and when he assured me that no stranger, except myself, was to be present, I could not avoid feeling a little flattered by the preference. How easily vanity connects itself with every thing.

Giroux's apartments were on the fourth and uppermost story of the house in which he lodged. His name was inscribed in large characters on the door; I knocked, and a little boy between five and six years of age, who came to give me admittance, conducted me into a little room, the walls of which were covered with flowered paper. Eight wicker chairs, a chest of drawers of walnut-tree wood, and a mahogany table, composed the furniture of this apartment, where cleanliness was the principal ornament. The window curtains of white calico, answered the double purpose of softening down the light, and tempering the heat of the sun. Several portraits, both male and female, chiefly drawn in crayons, and framed in black wood, were hung round the walls.

After I had waited for some minutes, *Giroux* made his appearance. He begged that I would pardon his want of attention, observing that he was so perplexed he scarcely knew what he was about, and adding with a significant smile, that he did not expect so much punctuality on my part. I told him that I had been amusing myself by looking at the portraits which adorned his *Salon*. Ah! said he, they represent a few of my ancestors.

These are the portraits of my grand-father and my father, whom I succeeded in the business of a water-carrier. Those are likenesses of two of my uncles, one a carpenter at Clermont, and the other, an *Aubergiste* at Issoudun. This represents one of my cousins who was killed in the army, and that is an old aunt of mine who brought me up; that unfinished picture was intended for one of my sisters, whom sorrow brought to an untimely grave; she never got the better of her husband's death. The lad who opened the door to you is her son: I have adopted him, and my children have promised to continue the adoption after my death. But here is one, said he (pointing to another portrait) which we would fain exclude from our family collection, for it continually revives the most painful recollections. It is the living image of one of my cousins, who fell a victim to ambition. He was above following his father's trade, and came to Paris to try his fortune. Young and inexperienced, but full of vanity and egotism, my poor cousin was soon duped by those who had less money and more wit than himself. I never saw this unfortunate relation but twice. In the days of his prosperity he invited us all to a *fête*, at which he took care to assemble only his own relatives;—he displayed all the extravagance that vanity could dictate, for the purpose of exciting our astonishment. But alas! five years afterwards, I was sum-

moned by a Commissary of Police, to go and own his body at *La Morgue*.

In the meanwhile the bride had finished her toilette. The family party began to arrive, and they entered the room. *Madame Giroux*, in a brocade petticoat and white dimity body, presented her daughter to me. *Louise* was not pretty; but an expression of candour and intelligence gave an indescribable charm to her countenance. Her dress consisted of a white muslin gown, with a bouquet of orange flowers tastefully disposed in her hair. She received my congratulations with an air of modesty and grace which rendered her doubly interesting. Her intended husband appeared in the dress of a mechanic. His father-in-law had informed me that he was a carpenter. *M. Giroux* then introduced me to all the members of his numerous family, who seemed to be united together by bonds even more solid than those of relationship. Previous to the reading of the contract, (or rather, the stipulations which supplied its place) *Giroux*, as head of the family, delivered the following singular address to the young couple. "*Georges*, when I married this good woman (pointing to *Madame Giroux*) I was neither so old nor in such promising circumstances as you are. But I spared no efforts to render her happy. We have now lived forty-one years under the same roof, and though we have occasionally experienced misfortunes, we have always enjoyed domestic tranquillity. Is it not true, wife? And thanks to the Fountain de Jouvence, if we could go back to the time when we were twenty, it would only be to pursue the same course over again." "Yes indeed, husband," exclaimed *Madame Giroux*, who was for some moments unable to repress her tears.

"*Georges*," continued *Giroux*, "*Louise* is a good girl; she never concealed from her parents the attachment she entertained for you, and we have every reason to expect that you will prove yourself worthy of her. We have now to shew you that you are entering into an honest family. The good old man then drew his chair near the table, and opened a large volume bound in green, which he had brought into the room with him. This register, said he, contains the good actions of our fore-fathers; it is an inheritance which descends to the eldest son of every branch, who in his turn, inscribes all the honorable deeds of which he has been either the hero or the witness. It is the first book which is put into our childrens' hands, and it proves to them that they need not go out of their own family to seek examples of virtue and probity. It is the best lesson that their tender minds can receive."

Every one listened with a kind of reverence to the extracts which were read from the green book. It contained indeed no mention of heroic actions and memorable feats, but it was full of traits of honour, devotedness, and gratitude, calculated to cherish in the mind the interest which good actions inspire, and to create a wish to resemble those whose lives the volume recorded.

The contract was then signed, and the party proceeded to another room, where

the dinner was laid out. A place was assigned to me between the bride and her father, and I was the object of their constant attention. The dinner was cheerful, without noise. A few songs were sung at its conclusion. Every member of the family produced some little present for the bride or bridegroom. *Louise* returned thanks with the most perfect grace: she had none of that affected modesty which leads a young woman to cast down her eyes by calculation; she gave free utterance to the feelings of her heart, and her joy was shared by all the family.

The evening was spent in playing at various little games, which reminded the old people of the innocent diversions of their youth. As soon as the clock struck ten, *Giroux* informed the party that it was time to separate. "We are all in need of rest," said he, "and the sun never rises sooner than I do. . . . The pleasure of to-day must not encroach on the business of to-morrow."

The party were now preparing to take their leave, when *Louise* turning towards her parents, with one of those looks, the power of which is irresistible, entreated that they would pronounce a blessing on her choice. In a moment, all hands were raised over the young lovers; every one addressed a prayer to heaven for their long felicity, and I was not the last to wish that they might inherit the happiness and virtues of the family.

Le Bonhomme. . . .

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—On Saturday *Miss Byrne*, who has been engaged for a few nights at this theatre, made her debut as *Adela*, in the *Haunted Tower*. She was received with the applause due to the celebrity acquired during her first engagement; and, in the course of the evening confirmed her title to it. We have, however, little to observe respecting her. A rather elegant little figure, and a countenance which cannot be praised for its beauty, are her personal distinctions: her voice is clear and powerful; in the higher notes she has great brilliancy, and, we think, her execution is improved since we last heard her. A perfect mistress of the musical art, and possessing vocal abilities of uncommon compass, though in some parts of the scale not so sweet as others of our favoured songstresses, *Miss Byrne* must always be listened to with pleasure; and we rejoice that her talents are again displayed on the London boards. *Mr. Braham* was, as he always is, preeminently delightful, not only in the pieces allotted to his character (*Lord William*) in the original opera, but in several fine introductions. Owing to the indisposition of *Miss Carew*, *Miss Cubitt* undertook her part of *Lady Eleanor*; but as no one is expected to furnish as much harmony for five pounds a week as for ten, there was a sort of depreciation in this portion of the drama. The young lady "undertaker," nevertheless, acquitted herself in a very pleasing manner.

Mr. Kean has performed Sir Giles Overreach twice since our last publication. We can only render a just tribute to the terrible fidelity with which he performs the last scene. Without inquiring into its propriety as a dramatic representation, it must be allowed to be a fearful copy of baffled malignity, and a fiendish death.

The Disagreeable Surprise.—An ominous name to provoke punning criticism, and given to a farce which has scarcely any thing but puns to recommend it. As no one who reads this notice will ever have an opportunity of verifying its accuracy, we might (if so inclined), take the opportunity of painting our disagreeable surprise in any forms we pleased; and, indeed, it might be expected from us to be very particular in our description, seeing, that our friends will never have it in their power to make their own observations. But for reasons, having great weight with us, we shall leave them almost as much to conjecture as if we had not had the good luck (by going the first night—a proceeding of absolute necessity to the lovers of all the drama) to witness this performance. Intermixing long scenes and situations, invented for no other purpose but the interchange of jokes, badinage, and play upon words; characters evidently framed for the same end, and walking in and walking out merely to utter the *good things* set down for them; effects without causes, conduct without meaning, plot without plot at all, and conclusion without denouement, are the constituents of this production.

Were we condemned to tell what it was in one sentence, we should say it was “a jest book, put into the mouths of a certain number of characters, to be delivered upon the stage.” In this way knights, footmen, captains, corporals, ladies, strollers, waiting-maids, innkeepers, meet on equal footing; all are professed wits, and it was wonderful how they did pour out their stores upon each other. We must observe, however, that some of the jokes were really very laughable; a writer of a play exclaims “Oh that tragedy! it was a deep one! The audience must have suffered a great deal, for they groaned so.”—Indeed there were sallies enough of this kind, which if properly selected, and ingrafted upon a better-contrived farce, would be sufficient to insure it a very different reception from that which “*The Disagreeable Surprise*” met with. The songs were all parodies, and so far consistent with the rest; but they seemed to be but frail monuments of poetical genius. The performers did all they could, and the piece was condemned.

COVENT GARDEN.—*Coriolanus.* On Monday and Wednesday Mr. Macready sustained the important part of Coriolanus. If we had ever seen two *Coriolanuses* we should be able to avoid comparisons; but having seen only one (except we go a step farther out of the way, and compare with our own abstract conception), we must, to a great extent, judge of this attempt by referring it to the standard established by Mr. Kemble. His *Coriolanus*, no man who ever saw it in perfection, can forget. “He was the noblest Roman of them all.” Nature seemed to have

cast him in the mould, which in ancient times she used for Roman Heroes. His form, his face, his deportment, his dignified expression, were all what we fancy in our classic dreams of the men who were just not demigods. We know that to fancy it so is a delusion; we know that the warriors and statesmen of Britain have before our eyes done more than ever the *Coriolanuses*, Scipios, or Numas of Rome, and yet we see them men little differing from what other men are. Still we cannot help cherishing the notion that the mighty of antiquity were in outward appearance, as superior to their kind, as in glorious deeds or the emanations of more glorious intellect. But whatever we could imagine of the grand and austere virtuous *Coriolanus*, in whose person the contest between an abused popular representation and the aristocracy, was brought to issue, was realized in the portraiture of John Kemble: it was therefore no common task to take up his succession in this estate; and, with all our admiration of Macready, we doubted his ability to acquit himself so as not to injure the reputation he has so fairly won. When we declare as our opinion that he has not “moulded a feather” in his cap, we pay him no slight tribute. He is not like his predecessor (ages will perhaps pass before his like in this particular character will be seen upon the stage), but he is very great, very discriminating, very powerful in the effects which he produces. There is hardly (speaking technically) a point in the play which he does not make tell, and many of his touches are admirable. We need not state the inference from these data that the whole is a noble work of art; it is so, and the markings of the stronger passions are worthy of a master. We have no fault to find, yet we have seen a superior *Coriolanus*, and the play has made a widely different impression upon us to what it did the other night. We will not now examine how much of that difference depends upon ourselves, upon the fresher or severer, because satiated, views with which custom has led us to look upon the stage; but doing a common justice to Macready, we will say that his *Coriolanus* has much increased the difficulty of playing the part to any future aspirant. In the more energetic scenes he was all fire; the whole of the third act, the end of the fifth, and lesser portions, which we cannot enumerate, were in the purest style; and when we have a young actor who can do such things, we trust there is a public which feels how he ought to be encouraged. With the single exception of Blanchard’s excellent *Menenius*, and, really, very zealous efforts in Mrs. Faucit (*Volumnia*), the play was otherwise but indifferent. The managers ought to take care, that the mob is not so ribbald, and that the common-place men, women, and matters, do not offend.

FOREIGN DRAMA.

It was always part of our plan to notice the Foreign Drama; but for some time past it has been so like our own, barren of attraction, that we have not thought fit to trouble our readers with its produce. The tragedy, an account of which follows, has, however, made so great an impression in Paris, as to deserve attention.

THEATRE FRANÇAIS.

Louis IX. a Tragedy in Five Acts, and in Verse.

The author of this tragedy does not apparently concur in the general opinion, that characters too virtuous and too much exempt from human passions, are not very dramatic; otherwise he would not have chosen as his hero the most pious and most just of the monarchs of France, whom the church ranks among saints, and of whom Voltaire himself said:—“It was not in the nature of man to be more virtuous.” But the success of a tragedy depends more on the genius of the author than on the choice of his characters.

The life of Louis IX. is so well known that it is unnecessary to detail the causes and first events of the Crusade of 1202. The author has chosen the period of the captivity of the monarch after the fatal battle of Massour: he has fixed the scene of action at Memphis, in the palace of Almodan, the Sultan of Egypt; and he supposes that Queen Margaret of Provence shares the fate of her husband.

Among the persons of distinction who have, like Louis, fallen into the power of the infidels, are Philip, the presumptive heir to the crown, De Joinville, Chatillon, Montmorency, &c.

Meanwhile, a treaty providing for the liberation of Louis IX. and his army, has been signed by the King and Sultan. The ransom of the French captives has already been paid to the conqueror, when Almodan, instigated by Raymond (a Christian apostate), and fearing lest the King of France might one day return to Egypt with new forces, refuses to fulfil his engagements.

Nouradin, a Syrian Prince, who has joined the army of the Sultan, and whose valour has been the means of saving Egypt, is enraged at the violation of a treaty of which he has guaranteed the execution. The honourable Mussulman endeavours to prevail on the Sultan to fulfil his engagement. But Almodan resolutely refuses. He accuses Nouradin of too warmly advocating the cause of the French; and the generous Syrian, indignant at the treatment he experiences, places himself at the head of an insurrection which is on the point of breaking out. The French recover their freedom, and join the party of Nouradin: the insurrection becomes formidable. The King of France has it in his power to escape from captivity; but such is the sublime virtue of the Prince, that he refuses to break his chains.

Nouradin attacks the Sultan’s palace. The ferocious Mussulman drags Louis IX. to a terrace, and threatens to plunge a poignard in his heart, if the rebels do not instantly surrender. Nouradin defies the threat; the insurgents continue the attack with increased fury; the dagger is already raised above the august captive—when Raymond rushes before the victim, receives the blow, and dies at the feet of the King.

To explain this *coup de theatre*, or rather, to justify what may be termed a melo-dramatic improbability, it is necessary to mention, that Raymond, a Frenchman by birth, had betrayed his country to the Sultan; but

finally moved by the virtue of the King, he repents and obtains forgiveness.

The Sultan, in his turn, is loaded with chains. The conqueror, Nouradin, offers the Egyptian crown to the King of France; but the latter rejects it, and doubly generous towards a perfidious enemy, he obliges the rebels to yield to their sovereign.

The latter part of the play is arranged according to the fancy of the author, without any regard to historical truth. In the first place it is extremely doubtful whether the crown of Egypt was offered to Saint Louis, in defiance of all local ideas of propriety; and, secondly, it is too true that the Sultan was killed by his subjects. One of his murderers shewed his bleeding heart to Saint Louis, saying:—*Here is your enemy's heart; what will you give me for having killed him?* The virtuous King turned away his head without replying.

The tragedy was most enthusiastically received. The author was loudly called for, and the name of M. Pancelot was announced.

There is some beautiful poetry in this play considered as a literary composition.

VARIETIES.

Enormous Bird.—Mr. Henderson has discovered, in New Siberia, the claws of a bird measuring each a yard in length; and the Yakuts assured him, they had frequently, in their hunting excursions, met with skeletons, and even feathers, of this bird, the quills of which were large enough to admit a man's arm. *Blackwood's Mag.*

Worm in a Horse's Eye.—Dr. William Scott, of Madras, has extracted a worm from the aqueous humour of a horse's eye, to which he gave the name of *Ascaris pellucida*. *Ibid.*

SINGULAR CAUSE OF AN INSURRECTION.—In the county of Agram, in Croatia, a Roman monument was found with the following inscription:—

HERCULI.

AUG. SAG.

F. ALLIUS. VER.

VS. S. PRO. S.

ALUTE. STA. ET. SVIS.

V. S. L. M.

This inscription gave occasion to an insurrection of the peasants against their lords, in several villages in the month of May last. The people refused to perform certain feudal services, appealing to privileges which they said were contained in this inscription, and in some old writings, as they had been made to believe by a foolish lawyer's clerk of the name of Philippovich. It became necessary to call in the military, to put down the rising: it is probable that no other Roman monument ever caused such an event.

Method of rendering Glass less brittle.—Let the glass vessel be put into a vessel of cold water, and let this water be heated boiling hot, and then allowed to cool slowly of itself, without taking out the glass. Glasses treated in this way may, while cold, be sud-

denly filled with boiling hot water without any risk of their cracking. The gentleman who communicates the method, says, that he has often cooled such glasses to the temperature of 10°, and poured boiling water into them without experiencing any inconvenience from the suddenness of the change. If the glasses are to be exposed to a higher temperature than that of boiling water, boil them in oil. *Annales de Chim. et de Phys.* ix.

Mont Blanc.—It would appear from the observations of Brochant, that this colossus, hitherto considered as a mass of granite, contains not a bell of that rock, but is composed of a mineral aggregate, belonging to the mica formation.

ANECDOTES, SELECTIONS, &c.

Effectual prayer.—A fat fellow mounting a horse, one near him cried jocularly, "Heaven help you." By an over-balance our Falstaff tumbled on the other side. "Curse your prayers (said he, as soon as he could speak) for they got me more help than I wanted!"

Duel.—A hot-headed gentleman in a coffee-house overheard some conversation in an adjoining box which he fancied was aimed at him. He soon got up "a very pretty quarrel" with the offending party; sent a challenge, and a meeting took place. The other side thought it so extremely absurd to be forced into a mortal fray upon an utter misconception, that an explanation was attempted in the field; but the choleric challenger's second would listen to nothing. "We came here, not to talk about fighting, but to fight about talking," said he, with a genuine Hibernian accent:—and his friend got winged for his pains.

Politeness.—At the battle of Spire, a regiment had orders not to grant any quarter; and an unhappy enemy, wounded and disarmed, begged hard for his life from one of its officers. Touched with his situation, the other replied, "I pity your misfortune, and—ask any thing else but that, and upon my honour I will grant your request!"

Danger of proverbial phrases.—A British adventurer had got into high favour at the court of a Turkish pasha. One day the latter was explaining to him a part of the policy by which he hoped to add another pashalik to his dominions. "Well, right," said the obsequious dependant; "you will undoubtedly very soon have two strings to your bow." The pasha started, and our hapless countryman was never afterwards seen.

Absence of mind.—An absent man dining with a gentleman and his sister, the latter fainted at table; which our blunderer, without thinking, imputed to her being in a thriving way. "You are rather out there, my friend," said his host; "my sister has been a widow these three years." "I really beg pardon," exclaimed the other; "I thought she was a spinster."

Mistake.—A citizen, accustomed to the signature of the firm in which he was a partner, having to sign the baptismal register of one of his children, entered it as the son of Matthew —, S—n, C—k and Co.

Retort.—"How is it," said a purse-proud person to a scholar, "that you often see men of letters at the houses of the rich, but seldom the rich at the abodes of the learned?" "It is," replied the other, "because the wise know the value of wealth, but the wealthy are ignorant of the value of wisdom."

An experiment.—A musician of considerable humour, playing on the piano at a concert, was much annoyed by an ancient amateur, who to observe his execution, or read his music minutely, leant over him, and almost thrust his nose into his face. To get rid of this nuisance the player hastily drew out his handkerchief, and took hold of his neighbour's nose as if to blow it; and then, as if discovering his mistake, exclaimed, "I ask a thousand pardons; your nose was so near my eyes, that I really mistook it for my own!"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

There has been published at Warsaw the first volume of a work entitled, "Dzieje panowania Zygmunta III, Krola Polskiego. Ad. Z. Wizerunkami, Przez J. & U. Niemiwicza."—The History of the Reign of Sigismund III, King of Poland, &c. by Jul. Ursin. Niemiwicza. It is the precursor to a great historical work upon Poland, which the Society of Sciences of Warsaw intend to produce, as a continuation of the work of Naruszeńicz, and which is but little known to foreign countries. Several members of the Society, who have made themselves advantageously known by their literary labours, have undertaken this task.

Contents of the Journal des Savans for November.—J. A. Victor Yvart, Excursion Agronomique.—Reviewed by Mr. Tessier.

M. Norberg, Codex Nasareus.—Mr. Silvestre de Sacy.

M. Karamsin, Histoire de l'Empire de Russie.—Mr. Dannou.

Baron Silvestre de Sacy, Pend-namè.—Mr. Chézy.

Œuvres complètes d'André Chénier.—Mr. Raynouard.

Julius Klapproth, Supplement au Dictionnaire Chinois-Latin du P. Basile de Glemna.—Mr. Abel Remusat.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER, 1819.

Thursday, 25.—Thermometer from 27 to 40. Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 10.

Wind W.S.W. 4.—Generally clear till the evening, when a haze came over, and most part of a halo formed about 6 in the evening.

Friday, 26.—Thermometer from 25 to 40. Barometer from 29, 27 to 29, 9.

Wind E. b. N. and N. 4.—Morning clear, the rest of the day cloudy and hazy. Most part of a halo formed in the evening.

Saturday, 27.—Thermometer from 30 to 39. Barometer from 30, 27 to 30, 10.

Wind N. W. 4.—Generally cloudy, with sunshine at times, till the evening, when it became very foggy. Snow lying on the ground in the morning.

Sunday, 28 — Thermometer from 23 to 34.

Barometer from 30.07 to 29.98.

Wind S.E. and S. b. W. — Foggy, till about 7 in the evening, when it dispersed.

Monday, 29 — Thermometer from 36 to 54.

Barometer from 29.81 to 29.86.

Wind S.W. — 2. — Cloudy, with a drizzling rain most of the day.

Rain fallen, .25 of an inch.

Tuesday, 30 — Thermometer from 46 to 54.

Barometer from 29.89 to 29.76.

Wind S. 4, and S. b. E. 2. — Cloudy. Rain in the evening.

Rain fallen, .15 of an inch.

DECEMBER.

Wednesday, 1 — Thermometer from 45 to 49.

Barometer from 29.87 to 30.23.

Wind S. b. E. and W. b. S. 4. — Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

Rain fallen, .075 of an inch.

On Monday, the 6th, at 5 hours, 55 minutes, 31 seconds (clock time), the third Satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.

Long. 0. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

ERRATA (No. 147).

In the Spanish Sonnet.

For Maurice read Marique. — For Hieron read Héron. — For as read in.

To Correspondents, in our next.

Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

Mr. West's Exhibition.

THE great Picture of DEATH on the PALE HORSE, Christ Rejected, St. Peter's First Sermon, the Green Serpent, St. Paul and Barnabas turning to the Gentiles, with several Pictures and Sketches on Scriptural Subjects, are now Exhibiting under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at No. 125, Pall Mall, near Carlton House, every day, from ten till five. C. SMART, Secretary.

Public Library, Conduit Street.

IT having been supposed, from the Arrangements recently adopted at this Library, that Mr. COLBURN had resigned all Business, except that which relates to his Publishing Concerns, we are requested to state, that it is his Retail Bookselling Business only, which he has transferred to another House; and that he has been induced to take this step solely with the view of giving a more undivided attention to the Library, which will in future be carried on under the Firm of Colburn and Co. on a very improved plan. During the Autumn the Library has been most carefully examined, many new Works added, deficiencies supplied, and the whole newly bound. An improved Catalogue is also in the Press, comprising all the interesting and valuable Works published to the present day, which will be ready for delivery on the First of January, when the Proprietors intend to set forth distinctly their increased claims on the public attention.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in One Volume 8vo.

GERMANY and the REVOLUTION. By PROFESSOR GOERRES, late Editor of the Rheinisch Mercury. Translated from the German by JOHN BLACK.

The Sale of this Work has been suppressed in Germany. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

In a few days will be published, 3 vols. 8vo. 5s. 6d. ANASTACIUS; or MEMOIRS of a GREEK; written at the close of the Eighteenth Century. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

In 6vo. price 14s. boards, with a Portrait of the Author, SERMONS, preached in the Cathedral Church of Worcester. By the late Rev. JAMES STILLINGFLEET, A.M. Prebendary of Worcester, and formerly of Merton College, Oxford. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London; and W. H. L. Walcott, Worcester.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. XXXII. for NOVEMBER, 1819.

Contents:—I. Horæ Germanicæ, No. I. Guilt; or, The Anniversary (a Tragedy, from the German of Adolphus Mullner, &c.) 2. Stanzas; composed in Sherwood Plantation. 3. Olden Time. 4. Restoration of the Parthenon in the National Monument. 5. Alastor; or the Spirit of Solitude, and other Poems. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. 6. Næve Canora, by Charles Lloyd. 7. On Public Lectures on Works of Imagination at Literary Institutions. 8. Recollections, No. I. The Cameronians. 9. Notices of the Acted Drama in London, No. VII. 10. Remarks on Dr. Chalmers' New Work. 11. On the Edinburgh Musical Festival. 12. Don Juan Unraced. 13. Fancy in Nubibus; a Sonnet, composed on the Sea Coast. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. 14. The Negro's Lament for Mungo Park. 15. The Rector; a Parody on Goldsmith's Country Clergyman in "The Deserted Village." 16. Character of Sir Thomas Brown as a Writer, by Mr. Coleridge. 17. Chery Chase; Idem Latine redditum. 18. De Foe on Apparitions. 19. The Warbler, No. I. 20. Literary and Scientific Intelligence. 21. Works preparing for Publication. 22. Letters of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Fearman, relative to the New Tales of My Landlord. 23. Monthly List of New Publications. 24. Monthly Register, &c.; Commercial Report; Meteorological Report; Appointments, Promotions, &c.; Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

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THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY, being a New Series of the Scots Magazine for November 1819.

Contents:—On the inferences to be drawn from the events of the War. Sergeant Campbell's Statement of his Interview with the Emperor of Russia at Paris in 1818. Verses on the Victory of Waterloo. Journal of a Visit to Holland; Letter VI. Some extracts from the Manuscript Journal of a Traveller in Italy. An unpublished Poem of Whitehead. On the commencement of the Term at Oxford, written in October, 1818. The Iphigenia of Tinnianthes; a Prize Poem.—(Recited at the Theatre, Oxford, June 23, 1819). Extracts from Fuller's Holy State. On Picrology. Remarks on the Life of Curran.—(concluded). Thoughts suggested by Dr. Chalmers' late Pamphlet. Thoughts suggested by Dr. Zimmermann's Old Pamphlet. Remarks on Mrs. Hemans' Poems. Verses sent with some favourite Flowers to a Young Lady. The Epicure, a Fable. Verses composed in the Prospect of Death. Account of the Inhabitants of the central Districts of the Island of Ceylon. Historical Anecdotes, No. V., Father Paul. The Rose Unique of Britain. Literary and Scientific Intelligence Monthly Register, &c.

Edinburgh: printed for Archibald Constable and Company; and Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

On the First of December will be published, No. XII. of

THE EDINBURGH MONTHLY REVIEW; containing, Art. I. Coxe's Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough, Volume III. II. Wright's Philosophy of Elocution; elucidated and exemplified by Readings of the Liturgy of the Church; for the use of Young Clergymen, &c. III. Raffles' History of Java. IV. 1. Peter Bell, a Tale in Verse, by William Wordsworth. 2. The Waggoner, a Poem, by William Wordsworth. V. Deism refuted. By Thomas Hartwell Horne. VI. Common Sense, a Poem. VII. J. A Short Defence of the Whigs. 2. Reply to Lord Erskine. By an Elector of Westminster. 3. A Letter by Thomas, Lord Erskine, to "An Elector of Westminster." 4. A Defence of the People, in Reply to Lord Erskine's "Two Defences of the Whigs." VIII. Monthly List of New Publications. IX. Literary and Scientific Information of Works in the Press, or preparing for Publication.

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Contents:—I. Memoir of Samuel Rogers, Esq. II. On the Lyric Poets of Greece, Alcman, Anacreon, Sappho, Alcaeus, Ibycus, Simonides and Pindar. III. Six Original Letters of David Garrick. IV. Johnsonian Recollections, by the Rev. B. N. Turner. V. Venice in the Spring of 1819. VI. Travels round my Chamber. VII. Scriptural Objections to the Polar Expedition. VIII. Mr. Menge's Visit to the Geyser. IX. The Sacrifice of Iphigenia. X. Literary Competition. XI. The Belvidere Apollo, a Prize Poem, by the Author of Fazio. XII. Essay on the Character of King William. XIII. Ancient America. XIV. Chinese Manners. XV. Mr. Poinchele's Theopneust. XVI. Conclusion of the Austrian Archduke's Tour in England. XVII. Memoir of James Watt, Esq. F.R.S. XVIII. Defence of the British Institution. XIX. Hall's Travels in France. XX. Bowditch's Mission to Abankee. XXI. Literary and Scientific Varieties. XXII. New Inventions and Discoveries. XXIII. Literary, Meteorological, Agricultural, and Commercial Reports. XXIV. Digest of Political Events. XXV. Domestic and Foreign Occurrences, Promotions, Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

London: printed for Henry Colburn, & Co. Conduit Street; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; John Cumming, Dublin; and sold by every Bookseller throughout the Kingdom.

A New Magazine.

On the first of January, 1820, will be published, by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, No. 1. of

THE LONDON MAGAZINE; a Work, to be continued Monthly; which is intended to combine the Principles of sound Philosophy in Questions of Taste, Morals, and Politics, with the entertainment and miscellaneous Information expected from a public Journal.

We have been induced to revive the title of a once well-known but discontinued Magazine, and to appropriate it to our new undertaking, in consequence of its occurring to us as singular, that, while secondary towns of the Kingdom give name and distinction to popular Journals, the Metropolis should remain unrepresented in the now strenuous competition of Periodical Literature. This circumstance has induced us to enter the lists under the auspices of London; and one of the principal objects of the LONDON MAGAZINE will be to convey the very "image, form, and pressure" of that "mighty heart" whose vast pulsations circulate life, strength, and spirits throughout this great Empire.

On looking back to the labours of our predecessors, we are struck by the alteration in the character of such Works which time has produced, and are made to feel the weight of the new duties that devolve on their conductors. The days are passed when *Vindex* could be suffered to dispute with *Eudæmus*, through various successive Numbers, which is most eligible—a married or a single state? When an editor might announce, with self-congratulation, a series of Letters from *Silvanus* on affection of manner, or expect *Amicus* to recruit his subscription list amongst respectable families, by recommending the Ladies to read Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse. Opinion now busies itself with more venturesome themes than of yore; discussion must start fiercer and subtler game; excitements must be stronger; the stakes of all sorts higher; the game more complicated and hazardous.

The spirit of things generally, and, above all, of the present time, it will be our business, or at least our endeavour, to catch, condense, and delineate. For what is merely intelligence there are other channels and stores. The Newspapers, Annual Registers, and Monthly Reviews, supply the facts of contemporaneous history; while the nominally critical Journals, that leave the particulars of the *Revue* whither their hands, for the sake of disguising general principles, seem to encroach upon our province; and in some measure to leave their own. The Conductors of the LONDON MAGAZINE, assisted by its Contributors, hope, indeed, to render it one of the most active, as well as complete, Reporters of Literature; but they will seek to arrive at this end in the course of an examination of the various questions that arise out of the great distinctions of national character, age, public circumstances, and personal disposition. During the last twenty years, much has been doing in the world, affecting the principles and practice of Literature, of which the people of these kingdoms are but very imperfectly informed. A depth and intrepidity characterize the exercise and direction of intellectual exertion in certain quarters abroad, of which, we believe, most English Readers are unconscious, and which ought to be better known, for the sake of being more emulated, at home. New and remarkable doctrines, opening fresh views into the philosophy both of morals and of art, have lately been, and continue still to be, the subjects of zealous debate on the Continent; and the reputation of this Country, in that of her national Masters, and Institutions, is much concerned in the decision. We are not, on the whole, sorry, that our Authors have rather suggested systems than engaged in them; but the discussions which the independence and originality of their practice have chiefly occasioned, are well worth our attention, both as matters of curiosity, and from their being symptoms of that general development of independent sentiment, and that tendency to hardy inquiry, which now assume such a critical appearance in Europe, and which seem likely to lead to the most important effects in every thing that relates to Society. To Foreign Criticism, therefore, and Foreign Literature generally; as well as to the theories and progress of the Fine Arts in the various National Schools of Europe, we shall pay an attention which has not been hitherto given to them in any similar publication.

At home we find Poetry, at least (whatever may be

the case in other classes of Literature) enjoying a degree of popularity, and exercising her powers with an activity, perfectly unprecedented. Her living votaries offer specimens differing much from each other in style and character, and some of them prefer pretensions which are quite as novel as ambitious. In the course of our labours it will be our duty to analyze the properties, and weigh the merits of these. We shall be called upon to inquire whether what is most specious, striking, and adventurous in manner, is at the same time the truest and most durable in quality. Where questions of taste connect themselves with those of philosophical morality, and it becomes necessary to examine how far the privileges of talent can secure impunity for the sallies of the imagination when they trespass beyond the regular fences of society, we certainly shall not shrink from the investigation; though we shall endeavour to conduct it fairly towards authors, as well as faithfully towards the public, bearing in view the latitude, varying in degree at various times, which has always been allowed to Genius in this respect, and endeavouring to mark the point where privilege is exceeded and outrage commences. Should affectation, egotism, or vain impatience, endeavour to introduce conceits and vulgarities into the style of poetry, calling them indications of truth and nature, we may perhaps be tempted to expose the imposition somewhat roughly;—but, on the other hand, should we think any considerable body of readers unjust or uninformed, misled or uncandid, respecting honourable examples of the primitive and essential beauties of poetical composition, we shall not hesitate to probe the error to the quick, nor to trace it to its true source in the natural poverty of low conceptions, debauched by worldly commerce, and establishing themselves into a temper of pert scorn and heartless levity.

The Drama, with reference both to Plays and Performances, will be steadily noticed in our Magazine.

We are inclined to connect together in this announcement, the two momentous topics of Public Manners and Politics: they are in their nature intimately connected, and circumstances peculiar to the present moment render it almost impossible to regard them separately. The remarkable features of the national character have hitherto been, patriotism, thoughtfulness, independence, cheerful subordination, and tolerant but deep religious feeling. The combination of these has produced a noble and steady enthusiasm, which has rendered the national will resistless, given majesty to the public proceedings of the Country, and recoiled, in a wonderful degree, the strong, and even sometimes boisterous action of liberty, with the solid establishment of order, and the perfect preservation of due degree in the state. Every thing conspires to intimate that the kingdom is now arrived at a crisis in its history, which will decide whether this national character, so distinguished, is to be totally metamorphosed, or to remain such as it has been heretofore. We speak not here of the safety or the danger of particular Institutions: this is a secondary question involved in the greater. The English Constitution, in all its essential excellencies, is the fruit of the English character; and, if the latter can be prevented from degenerating, the former is safe enough. It is now evident that the heat of the conflict has commenced, and it does not seem likely that it will subside before the matter is finally settled. Let us hope that there are yet enough of sound heads and hearts left in the Country to bring her triumphantly out of the struggle; but, at all events, our task commences at a most important moment, and our feelings, as well as our duty, will lead us to take an active part in the pending trial.

Means have been taken to secure good information for our work, relative to the state of the institutions, manners, local interests, &c., of those numerous and important shoots from the English stem, which, in various hemispheres, diffuse and perpetuate the English language, habits, and character; and which, whether colonies or independent States, are to be considered as belonging to our national family. It would not be prudent, perhaps, to promise any thing very positively relative to this department, which will necessarily be out of the more immediate controul of the Conductors; but the intention will doubtless be approved of, and we have reason to believe that its satisfactory execution will be found practicable.

We purposely abstain from entering into a more detailed and specific enumeration of the features and divisions of the New Magazine. We do not covet singular

ity of arrangement, or other peculiarity of this nature. Our object is to offer to the Public a periodical work of the miscellaneous kind, entertaining by the variety of its contents, and conspicuous for its alertness in noticing matters of immediate interest; while at the same time, it shall treat the important questions of social philosophy with a care and attention indicating an ambition to take a respectable rank in Literature. Essays and Criticisms on all the popular topics, amusements, events, and publications of the day will be found in our pages; and Scientific, Literary, and Political Notices will be gleaned for them from every part of Europe. We have established a Correspondence with several of the most distinguished Foreign Literary characters; and neither expense nor industry has been spared in obtaining an extensive and respectable co-operation with the Conductors at home. Such Lists and Tables as are usually found in Magazines, will be given in ours; but we refer to our Early Numbers for the particulars of our plan, which we have here only traced generally in allusion to Principles.

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